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BARKER # MARINE TRANSPORT
INDUSTRIAL HANDBOOK

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Marine Transport Industrial Handbook

by
Tom Barker
late secretary
of the Marine Transport Workers Union
Buenos Ayres

Edited by International Transport Workers Union

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MARINE TRANSPORT INDUSTRIAL HANDBOOK

BY

TOM BARKER

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WORKERS UNION BUENOS AYRES

EDITED BY INTERNATIONAL TRANSPORT WORKERS UNION
PRINTED BY SCHWITZKE & MEISSNER, HAMBURG

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CHAPTER 1.

The Story of the Sea.

Long before the days of written history, man had launched forward into the unknown seas. Under the restlessness engendered by his environment he had formed his rough coracle on the shores of Albion or rushed through the bays of warmer climes his crude raft of tree branches bound together with the supple strings from tropical climbers. These humble craft were the forerunners of the great liners and the black, squat battle cruisers of our own day. Slowly, ever so slowly, man added to his conquests and gained in confidence and in horizon through the long vista of the years.

In the palm-decked Andamans and the straits of the Eastern Seas he build and outrigged his canoe to sail with its matting sail before the steady breeze. Primitive and barbarian peoples who lived near the sea or on the shores of the great inland lakes all seem to have possessed some knowledge of primitive boatbuilding. The Indians who have settled upon the banks of the Amazon and its tributaries could only have reached their settlements through the use of the canoe. The African lakes and rivers show many and varied fashions in ancient ship-building. The Maori race — most heroic, moral and courteous of barbarians — had wandered across the Pacific Ocean in their huge war-canoes from Hawaili to Tonga and from thence to Ao-tea-roa,

2 Feb 1968

— their beloved »Land of the Great White Cloud« — now known as New Zealand. The race that spread itself from the Great North Land to the straits of Magellan had undoubtedly paddled its way from the Asiatic mainland through the Behring Straits. The need for food and the art of fishing, we believe, had much to do with the early contests with Mother Ocean. Man himself can trace his ancestry back to the protoplasm on the edge of the primeval sea, just in the same way as he can trace the art of boat-building from the barbarian hollowing the treetrunk with a stone adze to the modern yards of Clydebank, Belfast and Hog Island.

By the placid, sunkissed waters of the Mediterranean the merchant princes of Phoenicia erected their yards. Driven by the breeze and propelled by sturdy oarsmen, their galleys visited the rising ports of Sicily, Carthage, Rome and Iberia. These keenwitted traders bartered the purple cloth of Tyre and the cedar of Lebanon for the wool of the Sicilies the dates of Carthage and the golden apples of the Iberian valleys. They ventured through the frowning Pillars of Hercules and thrust their way through the hurtling waters of the Biscayan Sea to the shores of Albion, where they traded salt and cloth for the tin of the skin-clad Briton, who greeted them as beings from another world. Through the grey North Sea went their prows, turning sharply into the Baltic to a world of blue-eyed, yellow-haired men and women and gloomy pine forests. They wound in and out of the Norwegian fjords, touched the fringe of the Maelström and gazed with awe upon the Nothern Lights. Those were the days when the courageous trader matched his endurance against

the elements, and ventured his frail ship against the unknown seas. To-day trade is in the hands of lilyhanded, avaricious misers with many titles and little honour, sordid robber barons with frock-coats, front pews and unnatural carnal appetites.

Along the banks of the Yang-tse-Kiang, whose waters pour into the Yellow Sea, the Chinese had constructed their huge junks and laboriously thrashed their way to the Burmas, the Phillipines, the many isles of the Malaccan Seas, even to the shores of Madagascar and the Cape of Storms, which breaks the tremendous attack of millions upon millions of tons of crashing waters. The Chinese were fearless navigators and heroic explorers when the Britons of Albion were murdering each other in tribal wars and worshipping before the mystic mistletoe and their Druidical priests.

The great slave states were rising round the edge of the Mediterranean Sea. They fought out their almost endless wars in its crimsoned waters. Rome, Egypt, Greece and Carthage hurled their marine legions at each other's throats. Chained to their huge oars, our slave forefathers went down to litter the floor of the sea, and to await companions of the tempests and the wars of the years to come. The rammed Punic galley and the submarined merchant ship prow by keel both bear testinomy to the saving grace of Olympus and Nazareth.

The lusty Norseman, driven by hunger from his own inhospitable shores, set out on his expeditions to ravage the plains of Normandy and Eastern Britain. His blond-haired womenfolk sailed with him, fought with him, and ventured with him in his final quest of Valhalla. In the

coming days of rapacious commercialism this earless and hardy race were to play a great part in subordinating the ocean to the subduing hand of man. But their ancient brotherhood and freedom was to disappear in the process, the lousy forecastle, the »retired and condemned« navy salt-horse, and the prison cell was to be their share out of the conquest.

The galley gave way to the sailing ship both for war and commerce. Columbus' ships crossed the Atlantic in a search for the shores of India. From this ponderous event came the naval power of Spain. The Americas opened before the avaricious eyes of Latin Europe. The galleons of Spain sailed the seas, and their golden cargoes attracted the pirates of Devonshire — now duly canonised in the Calendar of British Commercialism, and duly justified by its hand-maiden, the Church of England — to engage in their filibustering exploits. War was declared, and Philip of Spain sent his Armada, after due propitiation of the Lord God, to root out the bucaneers and establish the legality of the right of Spain to rule the waves. God, however, was on the side of the »meek«, and the Spanish fleet was attacked by fire near the French coast, and the remaining ships destroyed by a storm on the Irish Coast. Great was the joy of the English at this victory, and the Lord God improved muchly in their opinion. The Almighty's good graces are said to have been due to his approval of the virgin life of the good Queen of England, and his corresponding disapproval of the lax moral habits of Philip. This matter can be well left to a class of persons whom the world honors by the name of historians, and who have ever been more concerned about a

dead monarch than they are with a living member of the workingclass.

The Spaniards spread through Mexico, Peru and Chile. The Portugese established themselves in the Brazils. Vasco de Gama rounded the Cape of Storms, and Magellan drove his ships between the land mass of South America and the grim island of Tierra del Fuego — »Land of Fire« — which today is devided between the republics of Chile and Argentine, and where some of the bravest hearts in the workingclass movement are eating out their lives in the Siberian rigor of Ushuaia, the Saghalien of the Antarctic Seas. Tasman and van Diemen left their names to immortality by the discoveries of the huge land masses in the Southern Ocean. The lust for power, for wealth, for fame was in the heart of every explorer, every seamen, every merchant. Mother Church needed a wide earthly kingdom and souls for grace. The sturdy aggressiveness of the people of the sea dragged from earth's reluctant breasts her many secrets. The world was found to be round, the »four corners of the earth« of the New Testament were discovered to be nonexistent and the invention of the compass made men as secure in the wilderness of waters as in their homes ashore. The blazing sun at noon and the silent stars at night were signposts to the mariner as clear as the Peak of Teide to the homebound windjammer.

Navigation was no longer a grope or a gamble, for charts were made and soundings taken. They were crude at first, but no cruder than the ships and no rougher than the men who sailed them. The Cinque ports of England and the Hanseatic seaside towns of Germany

became entrepots. Cadiz, Genoa and Venice were the centres of vast commercial ramifications, and crowds of masts, and mariners of many tongues and varied costumes frequented the quaysides. The world was becoming smaller although ships were changing very little in their construction. The restless powers of Western Europe with profit in their hearts and bibles in ther pockets, brought the races of Africa and East beneath their iron sway. The mild-eyed Buddhist was taught the necessity of hard work, the Chinese were educated to a taste for opium and the African innoculated with the civilising germ of gonorrhea. The brown son of the Mexican hills was told by the missionaries to gaze into Heaven, while they stole the land from under his feet.

The groaning slaves of the Carthagean galleys were to have their counterpart in the following centuries. For the convict ships of England were to carry from her shores all those who conflicted with the savage and ruthless laws of vindictive ruling class. The criminal from the slums and the trade union pioneer were dragged in manacles aboard these hell-ships and sent in despair to the fiendish penal settlements of Botany Bay and Port Arthur. For in those days trade unionism was a crime, and unionists were conspirators. The convict ships filled the sea with such a nightmare of desolation and sorrow as never before.

The Christian nations engaged in the revolting business of »blackbirding«, the capturing and subjugation of colored slaves. One enormity was added to another. The ruling classes of those days were almost as conscienceless and brutal as those of today, and as hypocritical —

if it were possible — as the cowardly, sedentary bible bangers and platitude mongers who profess to be the followers of the slave agitator of Nazareth.

The navies of France and Great Britain carried on a long war, wrangling over the possession of great tracts of the earth's surface and the right to exploit the native peoples and the natural resources. The war terminated at Trafalgar, where the one-eyed Nelson defeated the French and earned the right to have hideous monuments erected to his memory in all parts of Great Britain. The Divorce Courts missed a chance of dissecting his love affairs, which would possibly have made him even more famous.

At the beginning of the last century the pride of the merchant service was a fine fleet of clipper ships which traded to various parts of the world. The famous »East Indiamen« are still magic words in the world of seamen. They were the most beautiful structures hat man ever crowned the surface of the Sea with. The press-gangs secured the men for the glorious navy and the shanghaier was settling down into that vile business of»supplying«men for merchant ships.

While great advances were being made ashore in different branches of industry, little of a far-reaching nature had affected the constuction or the propulsion of ships. Early in the 19th. century, however, experiments were undertaken to turn the great discoveries of Watt and others in the field of steam into the sphere of marine transportation. Fulton on the Hudson and Symmington on the Clyde, after many trials and many failures, were able to apply steam to aid the wind in the propelling of ships. This was an enormous advance, as it took the question

of marine traction out of the hands of capricious nature, and endowed ships with both greater speed and regularity.

The rigging of ships underwent great changes during the ensuing fifty years. For a period steam was merely used as an auxiliary to the sails. Paddle wheels were used for a time, but they were cumbersome and clumsy, and on occasion they retarded rather than helped the ship when she was taking advantage of a good wind. The propeller was invented, which speedily scrapped the paddles. Stronger and more efficient engines were built into newer ships. In looking back over the old files of illustrated papers dating back to the forties, the reader can get some idea of the wonderful advances made. In those days the structures were incongruous and weird in appearance. A shaky-looking funnel can be usually found almost hidden in a mass of rigging. Capitalism was driving romanticism from the seas. The Doldrums ceased to embarrass the homebound ships, the legend of the »Flying Dutchmann« became only a storybook memory. The rousing chanties, »Bound for the Rio Grande« and »Off to Valparaiso« went out with the departure of the era of »wooden ships and iron men«.

Someone conceived the idea that ships could be built of iron. The idea was laughed at as a challenge to the laws of Nature. But it came to be, and ship-building no longer was a wood-workers job. Then it was that the building of ships took a great leap forward, and the Tyne, the Wear and the Clyde — great coal and iron centres — became the homes of ship-making. Little by little the elaborate rigging disappeared from steam-driven ships, until there remains to-

day — like the holeless buttons on your coat-sleeve, — two lonely relics of masts, which carry the lamps and support the booms in the working of cargo.

The Suez Canal opened a near way to the East, and vast ships travelled down the hottest waterway in the world, crossing that wonderful road that, we are told was traversed by Moses, the Jewish agitator and his fellow. Great ports arose to meet the tremendous development in marine transport, with greasy streets, strange smells and ragged workers. The Western Ocean became a highway, and the Canaries and Fernando Noronha the post houses in a long water-road to the River Plate, where the dreaded »pampero« howls and makes old seamen whiten and wish for the open seas. Huge leviathans with red throbbing hearts tended by sweating men from Scotland Road, and rice-fed Lascars from Calcutta; grimy, rusty, weatherbeaten tramp steamers with ten nationalities aboard, with rotten food and big insurance; a rime of salt on the funnel from the heavy seas, and a Plimsoll line that cries to High Heaven.

Ships, ships, ships, everywhere! Down the Clyde and the Tyne, over at Hog Island and Nagasaki, the never-ending clanging of a million riveters. Unsightly frames swarming with human ants growing into ugly solidity! Luxurious liners with the palatial state rooms for professional idlers and titled hums; tramps for the Home-Calcutta-Westcoast-Home trade; tugs for the ports; vicious torpedo craft and squat battle-cruisers. Here and there in the ports, a Norwegian full-rigged ship or a Puget Sound timber schooner. The remaining relics of the day before Steam. Oil, Diesel and International Canals.

Capitalism forces its hand trough Central America and in a few hours the New Zealand bound passenger ships or the Boston-San Francisco cargo tramp passes from the Atlantic to the Pacific. Panama has saved the ruling class of the sea millions of ship-miles, millions of tons of coal and oil, and millions of dollars in wages. Columbus could go that way to India and would spare himself and the world from calling the American natives by the name of Indians.

Mother Ocean! Mother Ocean! Home of the pariah and the outcast, strewn with the wreckage of thy conquering wrath and the impotence of the foolery of warring, petty man! We are gathering to conquer from thy bosom the things that enchain and enslave us. To conquer the floating machines, the wonderful achievements of engineers and dockyard laborers that have made our masters rich byond the dreams of avarice! Men from the ocean ferry, the whaler, the barque, the tug, the tramp, the dredger, the schooner, the lighter, the cable-ship, the canal boat; men from the docks, the cranes and the wharves, awake and claim your own!

Awake every man of you, from the forecastle head to the poop, from the masthead to the stokehole, regardless of your, hundred nationalities and your warring creeds.

The mastery of the sea to the workers of the sea. The ships to the marine workers and the wharves to the dockers. The Marine Transport Workers of the Industrial Workers of the World salute the Rising Dawn. With the desire for power within us, with all the fire of solidarity within our bronzed and gnarled frames we organise to master our own destiny, to re-

tieve our lost manhood, and to honor the great green bosom of Mother Ocean with our Solidarity of Labor.

»Until tyrants and slaves are like shadows of night,

»In the van of the morning light«.

CHAPTER 2.

The Expansion of the Shipping Industry.

The »Law of Acceleration«.

The world in which we live is constantly changing. The tendency to change is steadily accelerating. I think that it is Norman Angell, the English publicist, who describes in one of his book's what he terms the »Law of Acceleration«. To roughly re-state his deductions will, we believe, be a help in assisting marine workers to grasp the nature of this work. Says Mr. Angell in effect: »It took approximately 30000 years from the time fire was discovered until the beginning of the Christian era. During that period the race advanced more than they had in the previous hundreds ot thousands of years. During the period extending from the dawn of the Christian era to the year A. D. 1800, the race advanced more than they had in the previous periods combined. The law operated to even a greater extent during the years A. D. 1800 to 1900. It was very apparent that the tremendous strides made in the technical and industrial spheres entirely overwhelmed the slow progress of the three previous periods. »Then«, reasons this eminent man, »is it not logical to believe that the next twenty years, (1900 to 1920) will mark greater and more outstanding triumphs and discoveries than the four earlier periods combined?«.

Mr. Angell's deductions are undoubtedly correct. The past twenty years have been remarkable in the triumph of man in the fields of science, technics and industry. We may, therefore, estimate that during the coming ten years new inventions, new processes and far-neaching improvements will come about that will revolutionize our daily life and our relations one with the other.

Primitive Communism to Slavery.

The shipping industry as I pointed out earlier in this work commenced in very early times. Progress and improvement were very slow. Over long periods it was almost imperceptible, like a barque in the Doldrums, with a very tiny current beneath her. The earliest crews were free savages, possibly bound on fishing and hunting expeditions. Canoes were tribal property, for while the men spent long months, and sometimes years in the fashioning and hollowing of their craft they were fed by the other members of the tribe. The Maoris in their long and dangerous voyage across the Pacific to the »Land of the Long White Cloud« were tribal communists. The paddles were used by free men. The legendary places where these huge canoes landed in the North Island are sacred places in Maori mythology. The Norsemen who swept the seas of Northern Europe had no slaves to tend sail or man the sweeps of their sturdy galleys. It remained for the slave empires of the Mediterranean to chain their prisoner slaves to their war vessels.

Slavery arose and the tribal communes of the barbarians were overthrown. Private ownership of property was in its earliest stage. The merchants

of Tyre owned their ships, but their olive-skinned seamen had a vast amount of liberty. In the slave empires, even as in the empires of today, the ships of war belonged to the State, and the ships of commerce to private individuals.

Ships of Wood.

During the long centuries that passed many changes took place in the structure of the ships, but practically none in the mode of propulsion. The ship that sunk with St. Paul aboard on the coast of Malta, the ship that sunk on the »Rock of Norman's Woe«, the »Pinta« of Columbus, the »Great Harry«, the Chinese junk of the sixteenth century, the ships of Magellan, van Diemen and Tasman, van Tromp's flagship with the broom at the masthead, the Arab slave-dhow, the convict ships of London, the vanquished ships at St. Vincent and the victor ships at Trafalgar were all dependent upon sails and the breeze for their speed, and they were all built of wood.

The Advent of Capitalism.

When we look back over the past hundred years it is difficult to realise the wonderful changes that have taken place. Capitalism had arisen in England. It had driven the yoemen from the land to work in the factories of the towns. The British people were swindfled out of their common lands by the connivance of a gang of disreputable titled thieves with the aid of the so-called democratic Houses of Parliament. As a result the British manufacturers had goods to sell, goods which their workers could not purchase with their limited wage. So markets

had to be found; and the black and yellow races had to be taught to decently cover their nakedness with the shoddy products of English child slaves.

Thus ships were necessary for commerce and to transport soldiers and marines to stimulate, with the point of the bayonet, a desire on the part of the native for cotton duds, beads, old-fashioned firearms, foul spirits and other elevating and moral products of the white race. The Thames became a great ship-building district. Lordly clippers were built for the rising merchant princes. The East and West Indies opened up vast vistas of untapped wealth before the God-fearing British business man. The English Channel was crowded with the towering white sails of heavily laden merchantmen and the oaken walls of men-o'-war.

The Coming of Steam.

Then steam was applied to the propelling of ships. Its effect was wonderful. If we consider what England was like 90 years ago when there were no railways, we can form some idea what difference the coming of steam made. The railway shortened the travelling time between York and London from six days to five hours. Even the earliest steam-driven ships that crossed the Atlantic, made the distance in less than half the time formerly necessary when the motive power was the wind. The discovery of steam was almost entirely responsible for the tremendous alterations and changes in the industrial world.

Like all other processes, however, it was not to benefit either the men who built ships nor the men who manned them. The people who

were destined to reap the golden harvest from cargo and passenger carrying were persons who did not draw a plan, coil a rope or trim an ounce of coal. Tens of thousands of men lost their lives in shipwrecks in all the corners of this earth, but the shipowner died in his bed, with his prospective heirs watching one another suspiciously across his wellfed body.

In the engine rooms there was a steady improvement in the engines. Adaptations and study brought about more speed and made it possible for the engines to occupy less space. Ships began to depend more and more upon their engines and less upon their sails. This change affected very considerably the minig and smelting industries. Steam needed coal both for land and water traction. Countries that had little or no coal had to import it from countries that possessed it. Boilermaking became an art and engineering a science. Wherever coal and iron ore were found in close proximity there would spring up mighty cities of coffin-like brick houses, filled with grimy, sweating men and dismal, dirty, neglected children, who were destined to spend their lives in the endless chain of going to work to get the cash to buy the food to get the strength to go to work again.

Wood and Steam.

There was always something faulty in the combination of wooden ships and steam engines. Wooden ships cannot conveniently nor safely be built too large, for timber is unsatisfactory for large ships. This has been proved only recently, when the United States shipyards constructed a large number of wooden steamers and

auxiliary motor schooners, during the period of the war. They have turned out so unsatisfactory that one can hardly visit a port from Christiania down to Punta Arenas without seeing one or more of these »white elephants« undergoing repairs. Four were burned to the water's edge in the River Plate in 1919, and in Buenos Aires there were two large wooden steamers and four schooners lying there for such a long time that their owners might as well have pulled down the Stars and Stripes and put up the Argentine ensign, for any use they were likely to be to anyone else except ship-breakers.

In the small wooden ship of the old days we find that the engines occupied far more space than their use warranted, leaving very little room for cargo. Therefore during the combination of engines and wooden ships, such were only used for the fast passenger services, the general run of cargo was still carried by ships which entirely depended upon the breeze.

The Test of a New Process.

To be suxessful, every new invention or process must do one of two things. It must either produce the same amount of wealth with a smaller amount of labor or else produce a greater amout of wealth with the same amount of labor, as is required by the thing it supersedes. If it does not fulfil one or both of those requirements then it will be speedily dropped. The shippinp magnates, like their comrades and fellow shirkers in other industries are not in business for either relaxation, health, or for the noble cause of charity, despite all their subsidized sky-pilots and missioners may say to the contrary. They are in the business

for dividends and profits. Their interest in both the men who build ships, and the men who risk their lives running ships is merely the same kind of interest that an Australian dingo displays in the sheep that he is worrying.

Therefore, when the discovery was made that ships could be built of iron and steel, the builders of ships did not delay in erecting new yards in the midst of coal and iron bearing districts. The old conservative shipbuilders would have nothing to do with it, swore that it was lunacy and croakingly predicted disaster. Naturally they went out of business, or turued it ower to their goahead sons. The celebrated play by Arnold Bennett, »Milestones«, is written around the change in the materials for the construction of ships. Every marine worker should see it, to see how hide-bound conservatism must collapse when confronted with the driving forces of economic advancement. The application of iron to shipbuilding was one of the great changes that took the world of trade out of the conquering textile manufacturer's hands, and put it into the mailed fist of the lords of steel, coal and shipping. Without this great change there would have been no great European war, and cotton, cocoa and Soap would still have been the largest figures in the world of today.

Competitive Capitalism.

The British Isles from then onwards until the year 1917, were to become the great shipbuilding centres of the world. Up to the beginning of the World War, Great Britain not only built by far the greatest portion of the world's shipping, but also owned it. Gigantic

companies rose from the carrying trade which counted their capital by the millions of pounds and their slave helots by the tens of thousands. The enormous dividends that they made were utilized in building other ships and improving those that they had. These companies fought out competitive wars between themselves. In the cutting of passenger and cargo rates, some were squeezed out and some survived. »The big fish ate the little fish and the little fish ate mud«.

There were rate wars between British ships and German ships, between Italians and Americans, between Liverpool and London, Hamburg and Antwerp, Sydney and Dunedin. I have been told that the Union Steam Ship Co. of New Zealand used to pay the passengers for travelling on their boats between New Zealand and Australia, in order to break down the lesser and poorer Huddart Parker Co. The laws that underliethe capitalist system are such, however, that the lessons of the wastefulness and stupidity of competition always end in consolidation. If two companies are in the one trade and supplying the same service, have the same amount of capital and the same efficiency in both production and organization, and they compete for the trade, then one of three things must happen: one must go bankrupt, both must go bankrupt to leave the field to another organization, or they must join forces. This always ends in the industrial oligarchy, the absolute subjugation of the industry and the workers to a soulless domination.

Expansive Capitalism.

British capitalism fostered world-capitalism. Germany entered the arena to engage in both

the construction and running of ships. Japan had overthrown her ancient system of social organization, stopped building junks and erected her yards for iron ships in Nagasaki and Kobe. The world struggle was marching apace. The patriotic and humane british shipowner, ever anxious to save his fellow countryman from Scotland Road and the West India Dock Road from the exhausting work in the stokehole, filled his forecastle with the Lascar and the Chinese, in order to keep down wages and thereby win the foreign trade from the encroaching German, Jap and American. The tremendous profits of the big british companies were simply overwhelming. Their growth was phenomenal. In the same way as a gigantic avalanche springs from a tiny snowball set into motion by the frolics of the wind, so have developed and grown the shipping interests of today, until they have forced their workers beneath a callous and mechanical dictatorship and enslaved them, from the captain on the bridge down to the Chinese spud barber in the galley. Capitalism is ever thus. In a short space of time it penetrates in headlong expansion into all the corners of the earth, and then when markets and raw materials cannot be found longer in the regions of solar space, it will totter through its own contradictions and leave the intelligent workers in control of the industries. In the midst of this march, the iron man of the days of wooden ships had worked hard and long and went down with his ship to Davy Jones' Locker. His children, if he had any, followed in fathers footsteps and coined wealth and gold for the cubs of their fathers boss. Jack the sailor was, according to anaemic missioners, to get his

reward in heaven, and twang a harp or handle a concertina on the edge of a cloud in the sweet by-and-bye.

The Coming of War.

When the World War came about in 1914 no one suspected, that the shipping kings and the ship-builders had anything to do with it, nor that the challenge of german marine transportation had anything to do with the subsequent patriotic enthusiasm of the british ship-owner. And yet when we see their balance sheets we know that they must have desired the war, for they made huge profits out of it. German shipping was driven from the seas, for that was of much greater interest to our patriotic ship-owners than the plight of the Belgians or the "sacrosanct rights of small nationalities". The ship-owners were as much concerned about small peoples as they were about the coolie fireman or the Swedish deck-hand when he was "shanghaied" aboard their hungry tramp steamers. Some 14287 marine workers on british ships were killed and drowned during the war owing to submarine action. Right through the country today their dependents are starving, but that raises no sympathetic throb in the flinty hearts of the men who owned those ships, and did so well out of the disasters, anyway, these unfortunate men were only regarded as the riff-raff of the seas, the victims of shanghaiers, the source of fine houses, good food, and nice silks and times for the magnate and his lady fair. The war increased the ship-owners grip on things tenfold. The British, American, Scandinavian and Japa-

nese companies coined enormous profits. The Germans by losing the war also lost the greater part of their shipping. The much-vaunted action of the Brazilian government in declaring war upon the Central Powers was caused by the desire to possess, at Allied suggestion, the interned German ships in that country. The same was true of Peru and Portugal, and it was probably one of the minor reasons why the United States subsidized its press to work up a state of violent indignation with Wilhelmstrasse, after they had supplied the Germans with material und had received merchant cargoes from the merchant submarines, when they came through the Allied blockade.

The War after the War.

The Allied ship-owners contrived by the assistance of their respektive governments, and by intrigues with neutral countries to clear german shipping from the seas. This act did not settle their own rivalries, and they set to work to over-reach each other, and cut each other's throats as they had done in the days gone by. For although cargoes were on the increase and the carrying trade generally greater, new processes and new routes were being utilized that made it possible for the same amount of tonnage to make more trips and thereby to carry more cargo than fomerly. The advance in American ship-building became very marked in the year 1918 when we find american yards turning out 929 ships with a tonnage of 3033030, while british yards only constructed during the same year 507 ships with a tonnage of 1628924. The Japanese built 198 ships of 489924 tons

in the same year. Of course, as I have mentioned before, some of the American ships were very faulty and quite useless for profitable cargocarrying. They were ships for a seaman to beware of, and a source of anxiety to the insurance companies that were foolish enough to untertake the risks.

The Coming of Oil.

But, just as iron and steel had caused a revolution in marine transport in the middle of the 19th. century, so were other potent forces operating that, as they were realised, had great influence upon the world of shipping and carrying. The turbine engine had accelerated the speed of ships to an astounding extent. It became possible for a liner to cross the Atlantic in less than a week. Oil fuel was introduced that dismissed thousands of firemen, coal-passers and others from their former occupations. Less coal was required and more oil. That strengthened the position of the oil companies. It displaced miners, and coal-workers on the docks. It gave ships more cargo space, for oil-bunkers can be placed along the bilges and other parts of the ship that are little use for cargo-carrying. In the place of the dirty, coal-blackened stoke-hole with its piles of ashes and its struggling, sweating, grimy men we see a man here and a man there, clad in clean dungarees, regulating the flow of the oil into the furnaces. When a ship arrives in a bunker port, the oil pipe-lines are laid aboard, and in a couple of hours she is ready for sea again. It must be quite evident to every intelligent marine worker that the companies who pin their faith to oil

will prevail and triumph over companies that persist in sticking to coal. Science always prevails, and anything that displaces human labor is scientific, although the ignorant worker may not think so. As I have already said, a lesser amount of human labor produces a greater result and more profits for the ship-owner. The intensification of profit-making gives the magnates more wealth to re-invest, until we see to-day that the interests of the shipping magnates in the four great carrying countries are dovetailed and interlocked with ship construction, mining, imsurance, stevedoring companies, oil, tea, real estate and innumerable other concerns. Later I will deal with the method of organization of the magnates and with the power that naturally springs from the character of their concerns.

The world may be said to be in their hands. Whatever little they have missed they design to aquire later. They own the governments with their platitudes, the gutter press with its sordid divorce and criminal details and its piffly mediocrity and inanity. The parrot-like parsons, priests and popes of Mumbo-Jumbo are their servile lackeys, and university professors and a myriad of mentally prostituted writers act as their apologists. And last, but not least, the white-spatted labor leader with a big cigar and top-hatted friends, who bawls with unparalleled effrontery, »Work harder, your stiffs for the more you produce the more you will get!«, is their Lenchman.

Suez and Kiel.

The Suez Canal saved millions of ship-miles for the European shipowners. It shortened the road to India and the Far East by 40%, and

strengthened the stranglehold of the British middleclass upon India and the rest of the East. The possession of the alternate train route through Constantinople and Bagdad to the Persian Gulf was one of the biggest factors in precipitating the great holocaust of 1914, which in its turn was to present the world with »democracy«, »freedom«, »liberty« and all the other breakfast foods invented by Woodrow Wilson and the baywindowed baldheads of Westmisnter. The Canal of Suez meant hard work for the Egyptian, and ten hours a day, a loin-cloth and a handful of rice a day for the Hindoo.

The Canal of Suez filled the bank accounts of the shipping companies enormously, but never shortened the working day of the sailor by a second nor improved the ration scale by an ounce of green salt pork. But there are great labor leaders who will tell you that all this was in done the interest of the workers, and then probably get a degree from some university controlled by the masterclass.

The Kiel Canal was another triumph of the shipowners. Of course, like Suez, it was also a strategic necessity from the naval standpoint. During the war period it enabled German warships to pass from the Baltic to the North Sea in a few hours. It is now saving the use of thousands of tons of shipping every year and cuts two days off every voyage made from Western Europe to the Baltic. It will save the shipping magnates thousands of hours of labor time as well as thousands of tons of coal and oil. It will increase the number of ship trips and give the owners more profit, but the marine workers will have more unemployment

as a result. Competition for jobs will be keener in Malmo, Reval and Hull, and the companies will make much out of their natural advantage over their slaves.

Panama.

The recent opening of the Panama Canal was another great event in the shipping world, and also had its effects upon the men who man ships. It shortened the sea distance between San Francisco and New York by more than one half. Instead of the long trip around the South American continent, it is now possible to travel through the locks in Central America. This gigantic enterprise cost millions of dollars and thousands of lives, — working class lives. It also shortened the distance between Europe and Chile, Australia and New Zealand, and thus abolished the risks incurred by sailing in the low latitudes of Cape Horn. It made a large difference in the sea distance between the North Pacific coast ports and those of the River Plate and between the Atlantic Coast ports and of the nitrate towns of Chile. It strengthened enormously the position of the United States both economically and politically. It transferred the carryingof cargo from the American railroads to the ships, for it is now cheaper to send a ton of cargo from Seattle to Philadelphia via Panama, than to send it by freight train. It strengthened the Octopus of Shipping, the Autocracy of Merchant Navies.

The Octopus and its Victims.

When we study a world chart, with its converging ocean routes we can form some idea of

this huge world autocracy. Three great octopuses spread themselves out from the United States, Great Britain and Japan. They cross and re-cross each other like a huge patternless spider's web. The whole world is in their tentacles. Under their direct shipboard rule are 900.000 ship-workers of every nationality under the sun. There in the vicinity of 1.100.000 dockers, long-shoremen and allied workers are scattered in every nook wherever these tentacles penetrate. Strong and silent are these colossal industrial giants, the »high pontiffs, priests and kings« of ocean transport.

The opening of Panama has augmented this grip, just as Kiel and Suez did in the past. It certainly gives American shipping for the moment the advantage, but we must not forget that the competitors in the march for industrial con-quest, are inextricably connected with the com-panies of other countries. And in every port in the wide world the effect of the new route is reflected by the hungry hordes of our fellow workers who are walking round the docks, begging the chief stewards, officers and engi-neers for jobs, which in the old days were al-ways waiting for them. New routes, oil fuel, canals, all these have had an effect upon the strength of the octopus and our ever increassing weakness as a class. It is the business of this handbook of the Marine Transport Industry, in a crude fashion, to waken the workers of the stokehole, the galley and the bridge to an understanding of the economic forces that affect them, and to forme methods of counter-organi-zation. To that end we hope that this book will be passed around, and that these matters will be discussed by the boys in their watch below.

The Diesel Motor.

Some years ago a small German with a large head made a great discovery, which is destined to shake the world of industry to its very bottom. That is the Diesel Motor, which is named after its inventor. When this invention was mooted in engineering and shipbuilding circles all kinds of efforts were made, som of them very unscrupulous — but quite in keeping with capitalist and shipowning morality — to secure the plans. This invention was not only calculated to revolutionize the propulsion of ships, but land transport also. It could be used to haul trains both on rail and on the open road. It could be applied to farm tractors, and, in fact, any and every form of wheeled transport. It could be manufactured very cheaply, was very simple in construction, and would burn any kind of crude oil. In fact, upon a perfectly fitted motor, the bye-products which could be derived from the burning of the oil would more than repay the original cost of the oil. Therefore a motor could be run at a profit,

The oil runs direct by to the motor, where a forced draught explodes it. This explosion is the motiv power that will transform industrial processes everywhere. No boilers are necessary and the engine-rooms of ships that use the new motor are vere compact and small. It gives them much more cargo space than a similar sized ship which also burns oil, but possesses the ordinary steam-making boilers. The contrast betwenn the Diesel engined ship and the coal burning ship is much greater. A motorship usually has a very small smoke stack, and the smuts, dirt and grime that are the second mate's and

the bosun's despair are missing from this new type of ship.

This type of ship has not yet made a general apperance in the British or American merchant service. The rights of the invention for marine purposes was placed in Danish hands by Doctor Diesel. Just before the war, we are sorry to say, this great industrial genius was found to have disappeared from a ship while crossing the North Sea. Whether he committed suicide or was murdered by the agents of the disappointed engineering and shipbuilding companies will never be known. The big yards in Copenhagen commenced to turn out a large number of these modern ships, particularly for the Eastern Asiatic Company. The ship »Siam« inaugurated the service of this type of motor-ship to Australia in the latter part of 1915. Large numbers of these ships are now sailing out of the Scandinavian countries. The Johnson Line of Stockholm possesses 27 large cargo carriers, speedy, clean and beautiful, engaged for the most part in the South American trade. Both the Norwegians and the Danes have a steadily increasing number of them. Early in 1919, the Swedish motorship »Bullaren«, fitted with Diesel-Bullinger engines arrived in Buenos Aires from Gothenburg. The trip took her less than 20 days. She has electric winches, which work the cargo noiselessly and speedily.

What of the Future?

The Diesel motor is now being utilized in the enginerooms of new British warships. The era is speedily coming when steam is no longer going to serve as the motive power for ships.

They will be electrified through the new process. However the increased earning capicity of Scandinavian ships has not increased proportionally the wages of the men who work aboard. More cargo is carried in a shorter time and with fewer men. All that these advances mean to our fellow workers is more unemployment and starvation.

This process is not likely to stop. On the contrary, discoveries will pile on top of each other, and in a corresponding degree so will also the misfortunes of the workers of the sea. Many of the great inventions of the war period are going to be transformed, and guided into the channels of peace. Many of the discoveries made for the purposes of destruction on land will be altered to suit the needs of marine transport. They will, like steam, iron ships, oil, canals, and motors, strengthen our masters in their grip, take the industry entirely out of the rut of haphazard, cutthroat competition, and bring us men of the sea and the docks beneath the ruthless heel of an iron desptism. That power is in the making. Every day we see the national governments — whatever their label — acting under the instructions of their masters, enforcing restrictive legislation and driving the workers each day into a more precarious position. Each day the gulf between the shipowner and his slave grows wider. From day to day the feeling of antagonism intensifies, until the world is bekoming but an armed camp of classes, those who create and obey and those who possess and command.

To grasp the dictatorship over the sea is the migthy task of the Marine Transport Workers of the Industrial Workers of the World.

CHAPTER 3.

The Shipowner's Organisation.

In the forgoing rough sketch of the rise of the marine transport industry I have pointed out the advantages gained by the different generations of shipowners and shipbuilders out of technical discoveries. The small owner has practically disappeared. The »swallowing process« of capitalism has concentrated the power of control into ever fewer and fewer hands. The enormous profits gained during the war period have been reinvested in all the corners of Mother Earth. Once independent concerns even in far distant places have one by one passed into the control of these gigantic combinations.

In order to show some of the ramifications of these great world organizations, I am going to use portions of a vast amount of carefully collected material published in various publications by Fellow Worker I.T.Walton Newbold, M. A. Fellow Worker Newbold has rendered splendid service to the working class movement of the world by his compilations, and he suggests the weapon of industrial Unionism as the alternative to the praesent industril autocracy. We hope to be able to suggest methods of building up such a form of organization in the M.T. industrie that will rid the workers for ever of both their slavery and their masters.

Mr. Newbold's is a very striking pamphlet that ought to be read by all seafaring men. By accumulating facts compiled from various authoritative sources it points out the threads of capitalistic connections. In »Solidarity among the ship owners« (Reformer's Bookstall, Limited, 126 Bothwell Street, Glasgow, Proce 2d.), he shows examples of the enormous in the hands of several great British magnates concentrated interests.

Introduces a Representative Boss.

Sir J. Reeves Ellermann is the king-pin in the Ellermann Lines. His papa was in the timber trade and made a fortune in it. He handed over, as capitalists do, to his son. His son sat to work to own more than timber. He succeeded, Sir J. Reeves Ellermann — they dropped an »n« since leaving the land of their origin — and is now also a big shareholder in the »Times«, the »Daily Mail«, and other large newspapers of varying political colors. He is connected with the Lion Brewery, the Diesel Engine Works at Witeinch, Scotland. Under the control of the Ellermann Lines are the Papayanni Line which trades to the ports of the near East, the Harrison Line and the Hall and City Line which run to the far East. Brother Ellermann — pardon the familiarity — is interested in the Frederick Leyland & Co., Ltd., and the Shaw, Sariville and Albion Co., Ltd., which trades to New Zealand through the Panama Canal. He has largs interests in the Wilson Steamship Company, in the North Eastern Shipping Company which connects Holland with the Humber. By the way of the North Eastern Raill way Co, Ltd., he is associated with the Hul-

and Netherlands Steam Shipping Company Ltd., and the Pyman Steam Shipping Company Ltd. By his connection with the Shaw, Sariville & Albion Company, Ltd., he is represented in the International Mercantile Marine Company of New Jersey, U.S.A. This latter combination control such large companies as Ismay, Imrie and Company Ltd., (of Liverpool); Antlantic Transport Company, Ltd.; Oceanic Steam Shipping Company, Ltd.; and the international Navigation Co., Ltd.

The International Mercantile Marine Company of New Jersey is under the control of the American International Corporation. John D. Rockefeller and J. P. Morgan & Comqany stand behind this Corporation. Morgan and Ellermann are of different nationalities, religions and temperaments, but their interests are the same. Taking the case of Ellermann we find in all parts of the globe workers of divers nationalities and colors toiling to enrich the single man and the single corporation. The London newspaper reporter, the English brewer's drayman, the Skotch mechanic, the Greek docker, the Burmese stevedore, the Dutch tugboat engineer, the North Eastern Railway shunter, the Panama locksmann, the New Zealand crane driver and the freeborn (?) British seaman all work in the interests of Brother Ellermann. And I guess you will agree with me, fellow worker, when I with Sir J. Reeves Ellerman into dungarees.

»Fellow Worker« Inchcape and his little lot.

We will now while following fellow worker Newbold introduce Lord Inchcape. This distinguished shipowner is also a journalist — of

a kind. — He writes letters to the »Times« on the tyranny of trade unionism. He is irritated with the seamen for only working two watches on deck. There were, appairently, in the good old days a kind of iron seamen who worked 24 hour shifts seven days a week. It is a pity that Lord Inchcapes forefather did not have the tyroid-gland discovery in their days, otherwise we would have had an eternity of those iron men for creating the profits for an eternity of Inchcapes. Lord Inchcape made good business out of the war. Prosperity smiled on him, for he never had to stard out of his bunk by the look-out-man's cry of »Submarine«! He was in 1919 the President of the Chanber of Shipping of the United Kingdom which is the parent body of 34 great shipping companies, with an almost unlimited capital and it's commend. Like the British and American railway companies, they have long ago realised the stupidity of cutting each other's throats. They leave that business to the working class and its trade union Jonahs.

Lord Inchcape is the head of the Peninsular and Oriental Steam Navigation Company, Ltd. Trough this great concern, wich touches every port of importance from London to Yokohama and Auckland, N. Z., he has a controlling influence over the famous British India Steam Navigation Company Ltd., which with the P. & O. has absorbed the Hain Steamship Company and the Norse Line. Associated with the P. & O. is the Blue Anchor Line Ltd., the Australasian United Steam Navigation Company Ltd., and other shipping concerns with interests in the South Pacific. Inchcape has his finger in the pie of the Eastern Telegraph Company Ltd., and was appointed by

the democratic British government to be Chairman of the Anglo-Persian Oil Company Ltd., which has the honor of supplying oil (for cash on the spot) to the British navy and any other navy that can pay an honest price. Quite a nice little military force was utilised to invade Persia in order to protect the pipe-lines from the Persians who seem to have some funny notion that the oil belongs to themselves. Mr. Newbold tells us that this little business is a big weight on the entire East. And yet Lord Inchcape is only an ordinary man, sleeps in one bed at a time, eats much the same number of meals as a navy — when the latter can get em — is only allowed one wife by law, but he appropriates the joint result of the labor of tens of thousands of workers in all parts of the globe.

Other migthy Potentates and a Puny One.

Messrs. Inchcape and Ellermann — God bless their iron souls — are not the only pebbles on the beach by any means. There are others. In Britain we have, in addition, the Geddes, the Pirries, the Rhonddas, the Monds, the Mordens, the Furnesses, the Andersons, the Vickers and the Beardmores. Their griping fingers close on every thing that is necessary to the race. Their tentacles reach overseas into the back waters of the Amazon and to the paddy patch of Borneo. All must pay tribute or be damned. Alongside of them we have good old, tame old, self-satisfied old trade unionism, wich according to a recent speech of the Lord High Cardinal of the British National Union of Railwaymen at Prague in Tcheco-Slovakia, is going to buy the

businesses from these gentlemen with the savings that they placed in one little corner of one of the banks owned by the aforesaid gentlemen. After that wonderful statement, we feel that we had better go to a Weddell Sea penguin for of for the guiding our economics in the future. And one of the future humors of labor in politics will surely be woven around the business of buying out the bosses.

Across the Atlantic.

Fellow worker Newbold gives quite a good deal of illuminating information in his little book on »The Menace of American Capitalism«, (British Socialist Party, 21a, Maiden Lane, London, W. C., Price 2d.), in which he analyses the shipping interests of the American International Corporation. As already stated this Corporation is connected with both the Rockefellers and the Morgans. Not only do the strategic industries of the United States lie under their control, but they are also predominant in China, Mexico and South America. In certain mines in Chile they have their own government and police force, and their own laws.

In the Chapter devoted to »Wilson's Sea Shuttles«, fellow worker Newbold writes as follows:

> »Banking and exchange were the first considerations, and, after that, the provision of a native mercantile marine. This the ubiquitious American International Corporation sat out to obtain. It began by taking over the Pacific Steam Navigation Company, (a British concern) and then acquired the New York Ship-building Company. In April 1917, the

Vice-President of the Corporation states in »International Marine Engineering«. — »We are generously equipped, ready to begin our struggle for our place upon the ocean. — We have arrived at a crisis in our commercial history. — If we grasp it our trade will be enormously extended«.

»Meanwhile Mac'Adoo had set up the United States Shipping Board, and, in this very month, established the United States Emergency Fleet Corporation, a federated concern in which the United States held a majority of the shares, and which, with a capital of $ 50000000, set out to purchase and to build ships to charter or to lease to U. S. citizens to operate in the foreign trade. This new corporation not only swallowed all the interned German and Austrian ships lying in U. S. harbors but, by the autumn of 1917 the Shipping Board has requisitioned every ton of shipping under construction in American yards. The larger part of these ships were being constructed for English companies. This drastic action placed in the hands of the Shipping Board 403 ships of 2500000 tons. (World's Work, Dec. 1917.) About this time, the American International Corporation secured from J. P. Morgan and Company the control of the International Mercantile Company and the fleets of the White Star, Leyland, American and other lines, with a measure to control the shipbuilding firm of Harland and Wolff, Ltd. Since that time, the Belfast firm has been making vast extensions on the Clyde, at Liverpool and elsewhere. It was this matter that caused the Federation of British Industries to send out a frantic »S.O.S.«. It is the $ 90000000 worth

of ships belonging to these lines which the U.S. Government would not permit to be sold to a British syndicate. The Hamburg-America Line, Nord-deutscher Lloyd and American »pool« steamships, which, before the war, did a prodigious trade to the East, to Central and South America and to Europe, are now under the control of the American International Corporation, the protection of the U. S. Emergency Fleet Corporation and the spreading folds of the Star Spangled Banner«.

Cyclonic Shipbuilding.

»To beat the German submarines«, continues fellow worker Newbold, »The Emergency Fleet Corporation embarked upon a colossal shipbuilding plan. It made the American International Corporation its agent and this body founded the American International Shipbuilding Corporation to look after its shipbuilding business. »A world's record« yard was laid out at Hog Island on the Delaware, to construct fifty ships simultaneously and to build into them 7500 tons of steel a day. (This means that a 4000 tons ship could be built in 28 days, which indeed it was. — Author). The Bethlehem Steel Corporation had been making enormous profits, and was, just outside Penn's city of Philadelphia, a cynical monument to Christian brotherhood, busy on $ 250000000 of munition orders in the biggest factory on earth. Charles M. Schwab, its president, having under his control the Union iron Works at San Francisco, the Ford River Yard in New England and other establishments,

set out to help the Government transform the United States into »one huge factory for the production of ships«. He, first of all, bought up several big steel works, build up immense new rolling mills for ship-plates and, proceeded to lay out new Bethlehem yards in California and in New England«. (Here the reader will notice the coming of the »standard ship«, which simplified and accelerated construction, and, as a result, displaced thousands of workers, that, under the old system of construction would have had employment. — Author.) »Then« continues fellow worker Newbold, »says 'Syren and Shipping' (Jan. lst. 1919) he (Schwab) was persuaded, on the personal appeal of President Wilson, to become Director-General of Shipbuilding. By October 1919, the United States Congress had voted $ 3449000000 for shipbuilding purposes the U.S. became the leading shipbuilding nation in the world. There were 200 shipyards with 1.020 berths, they had more yards, more ways, and more workers than any other nation! The head of the Shipping Board said officially: »We are building a merchant fleet of 25000000 tons. A vast amount of ships will run to every port. Once more we will have a real U. S. merchant fleet under way backed by far-reaching power for efficient operation«.

And at the end of 1919, the United States already possessed 13.091.773 tons compared with Great Britains 18.607.875 tons. Britains tonnage had declined from over twenty millions of tons at the commencement of the war to the said amount, owing to their losses in the submarine war. During 1920 Great Britain is again holding her own in building, and many United States ships have

been found to be defective. They are about as useful for commercial purposes as Leavenworth Goal is for stopping the advance of the ideas of Industrial Unionism.

Argentina and New Zealand.

The tentacles of the huge marine transport interests can be found anywhere and everywhere. The great Milanovich Company of the river plate and the Rio Parana, which monopolised the vast trade of that district has now passed into the hands of the octopus. They have the same grip on the Eastern Latin American Republics as the Canadian Pacific Railway has on Canada. When the Federation Obrera Maritima of Argentine (the local seamens and firemens union) struk against the Compania Milanovich in 1920 they found out that they had also struk against the Argentine Government. They were big British and American interests that persuaded or forced Brazil and Peru into the war as a pretext to seize the interned ships of the Central Powers. They also made a strong effort to do the same in Chile in order to get possession of the eighty old steamers and windjammers which were interned in Punta Arenas, Valparaiso, Canaral, Mejillones and other ports of the Republic.

The Union Steam Company, Ltd., of New Zealand is also another huge overseacombination that is directed from London. It was one of the links in the famous »All Red« route, connecting both Vancouver and San Francisco with Australia. When the workers struk throughout New Zealand in 1913, the New Zealand Government headed by the con-punching

Massey, filled the goals, cells and corridors alike, with striking seamen and labourers from the wharves. The U. S. C. is a stranglehold on the throats of the workers of New Zealand and the strings are handled in London.

In the Royal Belge Lloyd we see a big concern owned by British and Belgian magnates. Some of their ships fly the British flag and others the Belgian ensign. Some sail from London others from Antwerp. In oversea ports one can often see American-owned ships flying the Italian, Chinese, Cuban or Roumanian flags. The flag that flies on a ship today is no criterion of either the nationality of her owners or her crew. We can only categorize them as the »skinners« and the »skinned«.

Towards One Big Union of the Bosses.

In spite of internal squabbles, the tendency of all the great shipping interests goes towards consolidation or, what Justice Ebert describes in his books as integralization. In their efforts to bring this end about, these magnates may hurl Great Britain and Japan into war with the United States. Such an event will not prevent the ultimate consolidation, most likely it will hasten it. War will always strengthen the tentacles of financial and economic interests. Even war cannot really divide the closely interweven connections of the International Marine Corporation of the United States and the Chamber of Shipping of the United Kingdom.

Paste this in your hat, fellow worker.

Let this fact burn itself into the brains of the Marine Workers of the World. If two

countries do go to war, let us remember that the Inchcapes and the Ellermans and the Pirries yet would sooner marry their daughters to the sons of the Morgans and the Schwabs and the Spreckels than they would to the captains or the engineers or the quartermasters aboard their own ships. They would sooner give their daughters away to the depraved sons of the ruling class of an enemy country than to a clean, intelligent worker in their own country. Class is of more importance to them than nationality. That was why Hughes, the Australian renegade labor politician, sent the captain of the German raider, »Emden«, back to his country as an honored guest, while his crew had to rot for nearly four years in the concentration camp at Holdsworthy, New South Wales.

The spectacular wrangles between these gentlemen is no concern of the men who go to sea on ships, nor the men who load or unload them. When we are skinned, it is not for us to prefer one skinner for the other. It is our business to abolish the skinning business for ever. It is a world disease, and we have to find a world remedy for it. When we see the far-reaching connections of the world power of capitalism, we can well understand the incompetency of trade unionism, and national labor and socialist parties and politicians. Capitalism is an economic force and has its being in the field of things! It is a tangible concrete power. Trade unionism and labor politics are not. The political institutions of a country are determined by its economic basis and foundation. We cannot change the weather by tinkering with the barometer, nor can we reshape a substance by fooling with the shadow.

There is a rough and inadequate description of a certain section of capitalist organization. It becomes more scientific daily, better organized and more powerful. If the Labor movement is out to win, then we shall have to build something bigger, something better, something more scientific. Hard road, long road as it is, it is the only way to power. The workers have to get power, real, tangible, concrete demonstrateble, actual power. Such a thing does not come by nosecounting every three years, nor is it manufactured by hot-air, nor opportunism. In the throug-going world of capitalism, success to our class can only come through the building up of a technical, apparatus upon which the future of the workers will almost entirely depend. »It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism.«

In the London »Star« of November 4th. 1920, I note that Lord Pirrie, the British Shipping Controller is making a visit to the United States. He is to interview the chiefs in the American Shipping world. He is to discuss the fitting of all ships with oil-burners, and other matters of importance. When Schwab and Pirrie meet, they are not going to put on the gloves or attempt to throw on another down the lift well. But their meeting is going to make a big difference to every man in the stoke-hole, the galley or on the docks, not only in Britain and the United States, but also in Hankow and on Christmas Island. They are making their One Big Union more workable, less reliant upon Labor, more profitable with less expenses, They are wiping out their own »demaccation« disputes, and leave that line

of difference to the trade union officials. Out of this they will obtain greater profit, which, in its turn, will mean correspondingly greater investments, greater power and wider influence.

As to the Future.

When I view the mighty web of the World Organization of Capital, I feel how totally inadequate my capabilities are to describe it as it deserves. Then I see the world of Labor with its wrangling intellectuals who wrap up a simple fact in a mass of verbiage of fine words and then squabble over the wrapping, the »surface scratchers« who clamor for red navies while there are yellow marine unions in existence, the socialist academians whose revolutionary studies have taught them to be so careful as to make their attitude verge towards cowardice, the »dyed-in-the-woolers« whose lifelong object is to smell out »fakirs«, and lastly, the »amalgamators« who believe that by dumping one trade union slum property on another they are creating an Industrial Mansion. The petty squabbles of aspiring politicians, the lack of real industrial knowledge and requirements, the parish-pump stunts of municipal milkers, the mouthing of platitudes and all its utter uselessness.

The world movement has to come from the bottom up, from the intelligent and militant rank and file. It has to learn to perfect its power by using it. The philosophy of Industrial Unionism, as advocated by the Industrial Workers of the world, teaches the workers to organize industrially the only power, that can take the place of Capitalism, and by their hold over industry carry on production in the interests of

the working class. There is no national political party that can fully express the requirements of the shipping kings of modern times. While the governments authority does not exist outside its three-mile limit, the authority of Industrial Despotism extends to all ports of every country. No proletarian national party can fight such a huge organization, even if it understood the task, within its own frontiers. The workers' Mastery of the seas can only come through revolutionary industrial unionism, organizing all the workers of the sea into one fighting force.

And, above all, it is a work for the marine workers themselves, and least of all for politicians. But as politicians have had little to gain from the voteless pariah of the sea, they have worried little about them. And we of the old guard of the sea look forward with confidence to the time when the shipping magnates will be working on the ships they used to own, and the politician opportunists will be employed in the sanitary department, for which department their peculiar character entirely fits them.

Long live the Marine Transport Workers of the Universe!

CHAPTER 4.

The Toilers of the Sea.

After discussing the »lords of harded gold« we will take a brief look at the obscure men who work on ships, take their lives in their hands, work hard and die early. Old merchant seamen are almost as scarce as water in hell. Marine workers are the cosmopolitain body of men in the world. They are the hardest workers, the worst paid and the oftenest sold. I have traced some of the effects of new processes and machinery upon the lives of these men, and it is accurate to say that great changes are taking place today in the psychology of all that sail on ships under all flags.

The Seamen Tradesman.

The old sailorman was a rough fellow who feared little on this earth. He was hard and rough, with calloused hands from long hours of work in the rigging. He read little or nothing, but had a retentive memory for stories dealing with his calling. These stories were one of his relaxations in the long voyages, when it was his turn below. He usually went to sea when he was young, and in the majority of cases he stayed at sea until fate called him to his last watery grave. For there was many a floating that coffin that went to sea in those days, whose loss sent a flinty smile across the owner's

face. The seaman was a tradesman and he knew his business. His trade required nerve, coolness and calculation, for there is no room aboard a windjammer for weaklings. There was a time when Great Britain used to produce these sea-tradesmen, but that day is past and they have yielded the palm to Scandinavia and the Eastern Baltic. A few come from Chile, but nine tenths are the blond-haired boys from the fjords, even on the English sailing ships.

His happy home?

But while the seaman was quite at home aboard ship he lived a very rough life. The foc's'le was usually a grimy blackened hole with a number of wooden bunks nailed up along the sides and a greasy table stuck in the middle. A varied collection of bugs and fleas generally shared the bunks with the humans, and seemed to thrive upon the atmosphere of salt junks and oilskins. There was seldom room for more than two of the men on the floor at a time, the remaining having to wait on deck or stay in their bunks until it was their turn to get out or in. On long voyages epidemics of yellow fever and scurvy were common, and the British government in the greatness of its solicitude for the men who built up their merchant marine prescribed occasional doses of limejuice to counteract the effect of too much salthorse. To this day British ships are still known as »limejuicers«. There have been many mutinies on board ships usually due to some injustice perpetrated upon the men. Captains had the power of life and death in their hands and they used it with a liberal hand. Many a good and true man has

finished his last voyage with a rope around his neck for standing on his feet like a man. Others seized their ship, put up the »Jolly Roger« at the peak and armed to the teeth, engaged in the business of piracy.

A few words about food.

The food issued in many cases was and is indescribable muck. The pork was rotten or diseased, the biscuits mouldy and weevily, and the peas as replete with rottenness as a politi-tician. I remember a Danish barque in Buenos Aires having such a stench from her brine tubs that I asked the captain if he had a cargo of dead Chinamen aboard. He was very annoyed and afterwards when we were discussing this junk with him at the request of the crew, he hit the saloon table a bang and roared: »I 'm going to be captain of my own ship!« I replied, »If you leave that stuff on board a little longer, it will not only drive the crew ashore, but you too. So if you are going to continue to be skipper you had better get a gas mask«. I do not know what the skipper did with the stinking muck, but I do know that he did'nt take it to sea with the ship. If he had, he would have had to bend his own sails and take the wheel as well.

Spiritual food cheaper than material.

The food issued today on English ships is disgraceful and infinitely worse than the food issued on Norwegian or Danish ships. The best ships for food, on the average, are American and Australian ships. The »blue nose« ships

that sail out of Nova Scotia are notoriously skimpy. The English scale was compiled by a collection of pot-paunched British politicans and they laid it down as a minimum. The poverty-stricken British shipowner saw to it that the minimum was also the maximum. However, with their typical kindness, they compensated the seamen for the lack of food by a liberal supply of spiritual consolation through the agency of the Sailors' Homes and Missions to Seamen in different ports of the world. They usually have a weekly concert to which you are cordially invited. It is quite democratic, for the officers sit in front, the men with jobs in the middle and in the rear there is room for the boys who haven't the honor of keeping a boss living in luxury for the moment. After playing the »Land of Soap and Glory« as an overture, a couple of young ladies sing a soul-stirring duet which is vigorously applauded by the admiring apprentices in the fourth row. The missioner then sings »Sons of the Sea« and keeps his eye on the unemployed to see whether they are doing their share in applauding. Then there is a goody-goody recitation or two, from the pastor a word of warning against the scarlet women, the booze and smoking, followed by a tame cup of tea and an effort at cake making, after which everyone stands on his hind legs and bawls »God save the King«. Then there are free pipes at Christmas, a tract and another cup of tea. Roast is not plentiful as it is calculated to interfere with the stomach that has been well disciplined to dry-hash and stockfish. And there is a certain type of man whom this type of function satisfies. In a militant inventory we class him as a door-mat.

I have seen dry-hash that had to be held down by the full mess. I have sniffed stock-fish that would rouse the dead. I have seen salthorse scare the captain from the bridge and drive him into the chart-room. I have seen mean stewards that earned buckskin suits of clothes from the skipper for saving the stores by stinting the crew. I have seen margarine that would make you wilt when you look at it. But not in the forward saloon, bless you! Any kind of goddamned rubbish is good enough for Jack the Sailor, while the ship-owners poodle has to be fed on dainty cuts and cream. But there's a time coming when the shipowner will have to eat his poodle or go hungry.

»Sailors Homes.«

Talking about Seamens Homes, here is a brief description of the »hotel« at Rosario, Argentina, taken from a copy of »Marine Worker« of Buenos Aires, and written by Julius Muhlberg, late secretary of the M.T.W. there at:

» . . . When I went up to take charge I thought it would be a good idea to see how matters stood in the Sailors Home and to see how they stood towards the M.T.W. in that institution. So I went up there to spend the night. The room that I was shown into was small, dirty and strewn with scraps of paper. The wall was well illustrated with cob-webs and the floor sanded as if it had not been washed for six month. There were stretchers in the room each bearing a dirty mattres. There were no sheets and the pillows were coverless. Under the spring mattres there

were pieces of scrap iron to prevent the occupants from going through on to the floor.«

»I was handed one blanket from the store. No more than one. On the other stretcher, on my return, I saw a naked negro sleeping. In a little while the candle flickered out and I was left in darkness to spend a sleepless night. Next morning I was up at dawn. After long waiting I was given breakfast at 7.30. I found that I had eight companions, four white and four colored. The coffee was only half sweetened and the milk in it was sour. The bread was hard, dry and unpalatable.«

In most of these institutions oversea, the men are rooted out of bed early in the morning and the bed rooms locked until late at night. The boarders must be in early or be locked out for the night. They are conducted goals and are about as popular among seamen. I have met large numbers of marine workers who would sooner spend their nights in box cars, railway wagons or on a park seat than in these dumps supplied by the God-fearing ship-owners for their jobless und homeless slaves. Even the message of the Lord Jesus Christ fails to gild the pill. The food is shoddy and scanty, the cooking filthy and the atmosphere depressing.

The glorious liberty of the seamen.

Personal liberty among marine workers is almost non-existent. Scandinavian ships are the best in that regard toward their crews, and will usually pay off their men anywhere, although not always. The Scandinavian consuls do not

generally place obstacles in the way. American seamen are supposed to wallow in freedom and luxuriate in liberty since the passing of the famous »Seamens Bill« in the federal senate, which was pioneered by Andrew Furuseth and Senator Lafollette. It may confer a hell of a lot of freedom to the seaman in his home ports, but when he gets to other parts of the world he has less freedom than a Greek. Whether this fact is due to the U.S. authorities or to the personal whims of the consuls, I cannot say. I have seen american skippers anxious to leave, but the consul would invariably refuse their applications, although there were ample men ready to fill the mens places. The seaman is still a chattel, and all the bills and all the parliaments will not affect his position until he has power on his side.

The Seamen and the Consul.

The British seamen, and the seamen of British ships, God help 'em, are even worse off. Under the exigence of hunger they are compelled to sign articles somtimes running into years. They cannot leave the ship until their articles expire without forfeiting their wages, and risking a long term of imprisonment. The British shipping interests have seen to it that colonial and foreign authorities will seize their deserters and goal them. The ordinary liberty that the average shoreworker enjoys of leaving his job when he likes and getting paid up to the last cent does not apply to the seaman. For the least infringement of innumerable petty-fogging rules he can be penalized by the captain. His word counts for nothing before a

court or a consul. The marine workers sailing in the most powerful merchant navy of the world cannot claim the inviolability of their wages like the workers ashore. The hand of the world and authority is against him. Advantage is taken of his ignorance of languages in foreign ports, and he is arrested for the flimsiest excuse. Isolated by his calling from the mass of his fellows brutalised by rough work he has never had an opportunity to thorougly organize himself to conquer respect and justice.

With regard to Consuls I find from an extensive experience that they do not care a damn about their fellow countrymen who earn their living on ships. They are, in the mass, a collection of insufferable supercilious nincoops, judged from the seamen's standpoint. A decent consul is as rare as an honest politician. To their narrow middle class vision it is the right thing to cringe before their economic superiors and to browbeat their supposed inferiors. And it is significant that the bigger and more powerful the country, the more contempt has the official for the worker whose misfortune takes him into his office. I have seen them in Buenos Aires deliberately keep a seaman on the beach by refusing to give him a passport without which he could not get a ship. If you venture into their offices they bawl »Take off your hat«, and from thence on you are doomed. They hate unions, and conspire against officials of the unions in foreign ports, and are not above making false accusations and complaints in order to cover their own malpractices. There are exceptions, it is true, but they are confined to the smaller nations.

Hindoos, Chinese and other colored workers are even more maltreated than their white fellow workers, and vile cases have been hushed up by consular officials. One thing is undeniable and that is that consular offices are there for the commercial interests of the ruling class and not to see justice done to their working class countrymen. And I know what I am about with the assertion.

In oversea ports.

In a foreign port the marine worker has no friends. Thieving sharks lay in wait for him, his drinks are drugged, he is fair game for the local police and he is at the mercy of everyone. The immigration officer takes a dislike to the shape of his head or the color of his hair and he is refused a permit to go ashore. There was a time — before the war — when the merchant seaman, by the nature of his calling could travel the world without either passport or identification paper. At every port, now-a-days, he is examined, sometimes his dunnage is overhauled and closely scrutinized by the zealous authorities. He is shipped on boats without shifting boards, that carry wheat. They which turn turtle at sea simply because owners are two mean to pay the cost of the boards.

All these disadvantages are eloquent examples of what the seamen's unions have not done, and of what the International Transport Workers' Federation has not accomplished, nor even made an attempt to accomplish. But, before going into the various forms of existing disorganization which prevail in each country, I will devote a chapter to the gentle art of »shang-hai-ing«, which I am able to discuss with some authority.

CHAPTER 5.

The Shanghaiers.

One can hardly deal with the question of the marine industry without touching upon the old-fashioned business of »shanghai-ing«. We are glad to say that it is now, disappearing. Some years ago it was very prevalent in ports of the United States, England and South America. It reached its highest pitch in the ports of the latter continent. It really had its origin in runaway seamen hiding themselves away from the authorities while waiting to get another ship. It was the desire for freedom on the part of the seamen of the period that really originated this vile and iniquitous system. In return for the services of the man who was accomodating him, and using his offices to supply him with another ship, the man signed an »advance note«, which gave this individual the right to collect one or two months' wages belonging to the man after the ship hat cleared the port, From these beginnings grew up that business of shang-hai-ing, in which the shanghaier was involved with the captains. Sometimes the consuls were in the game; at times also officials of the various missions got their »wack« out of the proceedings. Even the soldiers of the Salvation Army have hat their finger in the pie. From efforts to protect and assist the runaway seamen was developed a monstrous system of black-mail, through which these harpies stripped the

seaman of his money even before he had earned it.

Tommy Moore's Way.

The port of Buenos Aires has the honour of having pitched shanghaiing to its highest mark. Buenos Aires is the largest port south of the Line, and the biggest sailing-ship port in the world. More men are shipped on foreign-going ships in that port than in all the other ports in South America combined. It is a favorite port for paying off men as the climate and amusements are unequalled by any other port of the world. Let us suppose that a sailing ship arrives in the roads of the River Plate. The men will probably be taking in sails when Tommy Moore's motor launch comes alongside. Tommy has a bodyguard of half a dozen big toughs with him. He climbs the rope-ladder, shakes hands with, the waiting captain, and then the two clear down below into the captain's cabin, where Tommy's bottle of whiskey is opened up. After a conversation with the skipper Tommy comes out on deck and roars out to the men in the rigging who are just finishing stowing sails, »Come on, you fellows, you're all going to pay off.« The crew meekly swing down to the deck, and within half an hour they have their bags packed, and pass into the waiting launch and the hands of Tommy's bodyguard. In an hour or so the lauch runs down the South Channel and across to the Boca, where they land. Their traps are dumped in Tommy's boarding house — save the mark — in Calle La Madrid. This place, curiously enough, passed into the hands of the Marine Transport Workers

in 1919, after Tommy went on that long voyage that both shanghaier and shanghaied alike must make. In this dump the bunks were placed closely against the wall and the place was as much like a foc's'le as a place could be. The food was usually salthorse', borrowed from Tommy' sskipper friends.

Now, in all probability, these men may have had six months' wages coming, but all that they would be likely to see would be a ten peso bill — about U. S. $ 4.00 — which they were free to spend on »vino carajo« or any other chained lightning or weed-killer that they fancied. The rest of the cash was cut up between Tommy and the skipper. You will observe, therefore, that there would be a good profit on Tommy's boardinghouse. At times some of the men used to kick, but Tommy's bodyguard was always on the spot and the result was generally disastrous for the one who kicked. At times they emptied one of the men out on the street, which meant that his only way of getting a living was to go on the beach, or go to the »campo«. The shanghaiers had the jobs in their hands. There was no organization at all. These men would stay at Tommy's »dump« until he got another ship for them.

A man might be married in New York, or have his home in Bergen, but that didn't count with Tommy. He would probably ship that men you to Callao or Melbourne. A man had to stifle his desires and keep a quiet tongue, otherwise he was apt to get his hair combed with a piece of gas-pipe. When Tommy got you a ship you went, either voluntarily or insensible, and that was all there was to it.

Before a man went to sea he had to sign an advance note for one or two months' pay which went to the shanghaier and his clique. For this he would receive, if he was fortunate, a suit of dungarees, a pair of finelooking, highly polished paper sea-boots, a bar of soap and a bottle of alleged whiskey or cana. There are men who have been through Tommy's dump a dozen times, and can still be met here and there. The story of shanghaiing is one of the most enthralling in the world.

Some of the »Heads« in S.A.

Tommy Moore is dead. He died in bed. He made a fortune out of the business, and his son has to day a big contracting firm in Buenos Aires. Another great »identity« was »Black Jack« in Rio de Janeiro. After the Union was organized in Buenos Aires in 1919, a bunch of Scandinavian seamen gave Jack a beating-up one night and put that gentleman on two crutches. They made a thorough job of him, as Scandinavians usually do. Up to September, 1919, »Big Fred« Williams was the chief shanghaier in Rosario de Santa Fé. When we started the Union and crippled his business he wanted to join the Union, boasting that he had been a member for thirty years of Havelock Wilsons burial society. He is a Swede and stands about 6 ft. 1 in. His complexion is ruddy, and not from the sun, either. He was somewhat ruddier when three Finn sailors — whom he had once shanghaied — met him in Buenos Aires one night after the Union started.

Until May, 1919, »Big Pete« Frederiksen was the big gun in Buenos Aires, after the de-

parture of Tommy Moore for his last anchorage. Pete was »Big Fred's« brother-in-law. Dane-mark has the misfortune to own him as a citizen. After we had broken up his business, he and his colleaguess attempted to start a scab union solely for »Scandinavians«. The secretary resigned his job after he had received a slight concussion one dark night from a mysterious captain who interviewed him near the transporter bridge in the Boca.

The shipping for British ships was usually handled by an individual named Nelson, a Russian. This fellow was in good standing at the British vice-consulate in Calle San Juan. He was round the consulate far too much for its reputation. It is also true that the vice-consul preferred to ship men from him rather than from the Sailor's Home, although he (Nelson) is a most disreputable charakter. While the war was on, the German officials in Buenos Aires were very anxious to repatriate their countrymen for military service. They gave this job over to a Dane named Bangsten, who used to get the men berths in Scandinavian ships, from whence they arrived ultimately in Germany. But Senor Bangsten was a clever man, in fact, he had the making of a diplomat in him. He paid a visit to the British authorities and sold the information that the men in question were on such and such a ship. The result was that the ship was held up in the open sea, and the Germans taken off and interned. Bangsten used to shanghai men on the American schooners. He also ran into a big fist more than once after the union started.

»Stockholm Charley« was another wellknown »identity«, who had a reputation for swiping men

about half his size and half-killing them. O.L. Kruse was once a waiter but found that shang-hai-ing was more lucrative. It is said that he used to make $ 25.000 pesos a month from fees, etc. He also owned a big bar near the »Green Corner«, but the sailors smashed it up for him one Saturday evening in December, 1919.

Some Stories of the Business.

Writing of shanghaiing, reminds me of Tommy Moore once shipping a dead man. When he was thrown aboard a ship in the roads with the rest of the drunken sailors, the captain looked at him and said, »He looks pretty bad«. »That's all right«, replied Tommy, »he's only drunk. He'll be all right tomorrow morning«. But when they tried to get him out, he wasn't all right, so they had to get a piece of old sail-cloth, and place him to rest in the waters of the River Plate.

There was once a conscientious skipper who hated the shanghaiers and who decided to pick his own crew. This didn't fit in with Tommy's requirements at all. When the captain was drinking in a bar one night, his drink was drugged. When he awoke three days later, he found himself on the high seas on a sailingship signed on as an able seaman and bound for the other end of th earth.

»Big Pete« himself was once shanghaied, when he was a »runner« — he was learning the business — for Tommy Moore. Tommy and Pete took a crew of fifteen men out to a ship-waiting in the Roads. Pete went aboard with the crew, and Tommy stayed on the boat. The captain counted up and found there was a man

short. He bawled to Tommy, »Hey, Tommy, there is a man short«. »Is that so?«, replied Tommy, »Well then, you'd better take the runner. He'll do«. With that he pushed the launch away from the ship and left Pete aboard as a sailor. It took Pete two years to get back again.

What it Meant to the Seamen.

The shanghaiers made their money from the unfortunate and unorganized men. They spent it like water. You could see them at the race meetings at Palermo every Sunday afternoon, where they used to literally wash the floor with champagne. Motor-cars, prostitutes, big hotels and plenty of high-priced booze were the results that these harpies got out of swindling the seamen, Jack the sailor footed the bill for the lot.

Villainies were perpetrated upon him. If he stood on his feet like a man he was driven to become a »beachcomber«. A sailor was nothing in the scheme of things. He had no organization, no friends, and no one to assist him. The consuls despised him, the captains logged him to their hearts content, and the missions, as usual, worried more about his spiritual than his material comforts. He might be a Union man in New York or London, but his Union could not help him in South America, nor did it ever cross their fat heads that it was necessary. The native unions didn't speak his language, and he didn't speak theirs. The police authorities gave the shanghaiers carte blanche to follow their odious bussiness.

In Europe and the States the shanghaier has changed his name to the more euphonious »shipping-master«. His existence is not seriously attacked by some of the marine unions, which are notoriously short-sighted. The ports of the world are infested with »beachcombers«. They are the cast-offs of the sea. Some are loafers, but many are good men and true. This army is growing, and hungry and umemployed sailors and firemen can be found everywhere. But they are waking up. The march of events and the drive of the machine process is compelling these outcasts to come together in the great Brotherhood of the Sea. Their nationalities, their religions and their tongues may differ, but they suffer from the same privations, live the same lives and die the same deaths. They have the same ruthless masters and the same grinding poverty.

From all the corners of the Seven Seas they are coming together in one Army. The black night of disorganization and ignorance is clearing for ever from the face of the Ocean. The bright sun of the Marine Transport Workers' Union, international and universal, is rising in the East. The sea is roseate with the coming day, and on the foc's-le head there are many watchers waiting to greet the Day of Emancipation.

Men of the sea! Let us encircle the ocean routes and the docks with One Union, One Card and One Objektive. Long live the democracy of the stoke hole, the engine-room and the galley!!

All power to the Workers of the Sea! Long live the Industrial Republic of the ocean!!!

CHAPTER 6.

Marine Trade Unionism.

The Old and the New.

In 1805 the navies of England and France fought the battle of Trafalgar. The ships were of wood and propelled by the wind. In their day these wooden walls were the pride of the sea. The hopes of mighty nations hung upon their old-fashioned guns, and their press-gang enlisted crews.

Time has flown and industry has changed. The one-time efficient ship, »H. M. S. Victory« lies in Portsmouth Harbor, while near her lie the battle cruisers and the furtive submarines, which today are the arbiters of naval supremacy. They are the results of inventive human genius applied to the fiendish art of human destruction. They are scientific, speedy and dreadfully accurate. They are new, the »Victory« is old. One modern battle cruiser could sink a thousand »Victorys« in two hours. We live in a scientific age when the new triumphs over the old, the iron ship over the wooden one, the steamer over the barque, and oil-burner over the coal-burner. The international shipping trusts have triumphed over the small national groups by swallowing them.

Old forms of organization have to give way to new. Forms of working class unionism of

twenty years ago are now obsolete and useless. Marine trade unionism has outgrown it's usefulness; it belongs to a dead age, that of the sailing-ship. It was an organization of tradesmen united to protect their trade interests and to monopolize their skill. It believed that the capitalist class has a right to exist, and to exploit the working class. It perpetuates the idea that in the working both hard and long a worker is both helping himself and his employer. They attempt to make the workers believe that the more work they perform the more will they earn for their labor in the form of wages.

Such notions have long ago been exploded by Karl Marx, the famous economist, whose teachings form the fundamental basis of the new movement of the advanced workers of today. All the great triumphs and advances of the shipping industry and ocean traffic have made very little difference to the marine worker. On the contrary there is more unemployment, more hunger and poverty among the toilers of the sea than ever before. The deck-hand on British ships works the same hours as he did in 1887, after the formation of the National Seamen's and Firemen's Union. It is true that wages have gone up since the war, but the rise does not compensate him for the rise in the cost of living. He has to pay three or four times as much for his clothes as formerly, and the quality is abominable. There is very little improvement in his accomodation, when we compare it with the changes for the better that have taken place for the officers and the saloon passengers. There are many ships afloat where the crew have to eat in the

same quarters that they sleep in, and quite a large percentage where there are no baths for the firemen when they come from their tiring work below.

Our Wages and the Bosses' Profit.

When we gauge the so-called advance in wages we must do so in the comparative sense. To do so we must ask ourselves the following question: »Do the marine workers get a larger or a smaller portion of the productivity of their labor than they did thirty years ago?«. Everyone knows that they get far less than they did formerly. We know that the marine workers worked the ships during the dangerous period of the war, and were as well off at the close as they were at the beginning, while the shipowners reaped tremendous profits, scandalous dividends. As long as shipping is operated under private ownership, our condition of life will become worse, while that of our masters will become better. Hence, if we are out for anything at all, we must organize for the definite control of the industry. We must organize to end our slavery by One Big Union.

The power of our masters has increased tenfold. Our existing trade unions have made no such advance, although the number of their members may have increased. In plain words, the existing national unions and the so-called international unions are like so many wooden warships at the mercy of one giant battle cruiser straight from the fitting yards. Our unions are obsolete, their structure is defective, and while their guns make a big noise, they are actually more dangerous to their own crews

than they are to the enemy. They have no speed, and as much direction as a derelict. Their national anthem is »Work, boys, work, and be contented«. That is also the national anthem of a lunatic asylum. Their flag is the yellow flag of ignorance and cowardice. The working class movement can never march ahead on the international battlefield as long as these forms of disorganization exist. As the bow and arrow are useless against the machine gun, so is national lap-dog trade unionism useless against the Capitalist World Octopus of Ocean Transport.

Great Britain's Funeral Societies.

In Great Britain we find three unions catering for seamen and firemen. The National Seamen's and firemen's Union is the coffin society led by Mr. Havelock Wilson, M.P., C.B.E., etc. This outfit is now water-logged, and the man at the wheel is seated in a bath-chair. In Glasgow and Southampton the Seafarers Union holds sway. This union was born from a squabble between Mr. Wilson and Mr. Emanuel Shinwell, who has conferred upon the Seafarers the honor of possessing him to guide their barque towards the doldrums. Some time ago Mr. Shinwell received a sentence of six months at one of His Britannic Majesty's rest-cure homes for participating in the 40 hour strike in Glasgow. While he was in, Mr. Wilson set to work to corner up his opponent's membership. The Hull Seamen's Union was formed as a breakaway from Mr. Wilson's fold. They all have very strong objections to foreigners who do not have the good sense to be born in Great Britain or India, and they refuse to allow Germans, Austrians or Turks

to join their Unions. The German Ambassador, needless to say, goes quite often nowadays to Buckingham Palace, and as I sit writing this, the yellow Mr. Legien, of the lap-dog German trade union movement, is sitting beside Youhaux and Bob Williams in the Holborn Restaurant at the International Federation of Trade Union Congress of hard labour.

»The Old Man of the Sea«.

We cannot touch upon marine unionism without discussing Mr. Havelock Wilson, M. P., C. B. E., etc. This ancient barnacle is the strangle-hold around the throats of the marine workers of the world. His own members is tired of him. He is a Liberal in politics, and so reactionary that the Labor Party is going to oppose him at the next election. He is a cast-iron dictator; the rules of his Union make it impossible to oust him. His retarding influence upon and by the great organization that he controls is as efficacions upon the workers of the sea as that of »Grandpa« Gompers is in the United States. No advance can be made of an international character as long as Wilson's Funeral Society retains its baneful influence. There are oversea unions that have done more fot their members in one year than Wilson's union has accomplished for its members in 33 years.

Intelligent marine workers will remember that it was Wilson who used his power to stop Ramsay Mac Donald from going to Russia some few years ago. It was on one of his scab ships that three of the best men in the Swedish working class movement were sentenced to

death. The »Amalthea« carried men to break the Swedish dock strike in 1907. Only a few weeks ago efforts were made to fill the places of striking Belgian sailors by members of Wilson's union. The Coffin Society, in short, is in the hands of the Chamber of Shipping. Havelock Wilson received the Order of the British Empire on the recommendation of the British Government while the war was on. Some of the other officials of the Union received the same honor. Every working man knows quite well that these baubles are not given out for helping the working class, but for bulldozing and side-tracking them. When a resolution was tabled by the Italian Seamen's Union in Genoa at the International Seamen's Congress a few months ago, calling for action to compel the foreign imperialists to cease their blockade of Soviet Russia, it was Wilson and his creatures that opposed it. He allowed the eight-hour day for seamen to be defeated by one eight of a vote. His seamen and firemen are receiving £ 15.0.0 a month while in the United States the seamen and firemen are receiving about £ 24.0.0 a month.

Wilson, in addition to being a paid official of his union is also a member of Parliament in the House of Commons. That brings him in the nice little sum of £ 400.0.0 a year. There are now possibly millions of unemployed in the country, but that does not trouble the ancient gentleman who is not fit to look after one job properly, never mind two. There are large numbers of unemployed marine workers who could hold down either of the jobs as badly as he does. His organization is hated through out Europe, for his Coffin Society

holds the Belgians, the Dutch, the Danes and the Spaniards from doing anything for themselves. The organ of the German Seamen's Union, »Schiffahrtswarte«, says that Wilson's union is »merely a minor appendage of the British shipowners«.

»Some Supper«.

There is one thing that ought to be engraved in letters of gold on his monument when in the fulness of time he becomes entitled to one, and that is the fact that he accomplished more for British seamen than even Lord Nelson did. Nelson managed to get his men bread on two days a week. Wilson, however, contrived to get his men bread on three days a week, the remainder of the days being, of course, »biscuit« days. Possibly when the world's seamen use the last coffin for this funeral society, British seamen will be able to have bread seven days a week as a right, — and not as a privilege.

We have great pleasure in reprinting following account of the »Annual Dinner of the British Seamen's and Firemen's Union« and we ask the members of this and other unions to read it carefully and ask themselves what they pay their union dues for. The excerpt is from London »Solidarity«, the organ of the Shop Stewards' movement.

Lions and Jackals at a Feast.

»The National Seamen's and Firemen's Union held their Annual General Meeting at the Memorial Hall, London, during the first week in October, 1920. The »Annual General Meeting Dinner« took place at the Holborn Restaurant on October 5th., at which prominent shipowners

were present, and also representatives of the Government departments. Along with most of the officials of the Union, they were well fed and wined, at the expense of the members of the Union — though we doubt with the consent«.

»They certainly did themselves well«.

»It will interest those seamen and firemen who are paying one shilling per week to the organization to obtain better conditions, and who expect the Union to fight the shipping magnates, to know that the dinner consisted of EIGHT courses. We would give them the menu (which of course, was printed in French, as all high class menus are), but we feel it would be likely to incite to riot the thousands of sailors and firemen who are now hanging around union and shipping offices in all the ports of the kingdom, unable to get ships, or food for themselves and their children. Thomas Chambers, C. B. E. Treasurer of the Union, was wine steward, and he carried out his duties (on this occasion) with great honor. He was warmly complimented by the ship owners present on the »lavish supply of very fine wines«. They are certainly judges, and apparently Chambers has had some experience before and knows their tastes by now«.

»The toast list was as follows:

»First, the King; with several knights, baronets, C. E. B's. and other stiffs present«, (»George would naturally take first place«).

»Then, the National Seamen's and Firemen's Union of Great Britain and Ireland coupled with the names of J. Havelock Wilson, Esq., C. B. E., M. P., Edmund Cathery, Esq., C. B. E., and Thomas Chambers, Esq., C. B. E. This

toast was proposed by the Rt. Hon. C. W. Bowerman, M. P.«

»The Shipping Industry coupled with the names of Sir Joseph Mclay, Barth., W. J. Noble, Esq. (President of the Chamber of Shipping), and Henry Radcliffe, Esq., proposed by Sir Montagu Barlow«.

»After that 'The Guests', coupled with the names of Sir Walter Kinnear (Controller of Insurance Department, Ministry of Health) proposed by Councillor Peter Wright (Major of Newport)«.

»Presentation by Thomas Chambers, Esq., on behalf of the officials and members of the N. S. & F. U. to Mrs. Havelock Wilson«.

»Quite a nice slap-up little dinner, let me assure you. Of course after the champagne had begun to work, things got a bit lively, but nothing serious. Unparliamentary language was used, but with quite good feelings between the lions and the jackals. Nothing was said about the rank and file in any of the speeches, but doubtless arrangements were made as to their future in the sweet by and bye«.

Time and time again have conferences been deferred between the union and the bosses. On every occasion some excuse or other has been brought forward. First it was the Genoa conference, and then it is to wait until the Wilson Coffin Society swallows Comrade Shinwell's remaining members. Now matters have been deferred until a meeting is to be held in Brussels, which according to Mr. Wilson's recent speech at Marseilles, is going to perform wonders for all the seamen of the world. We are just wondering what kind of junk is going to be handed to the marine slaves by the bath-chair

Moses who has been leading his tribe by the nose through the desert from Egypt. We are afraid that there is a long sojourn coming in the desert to create the stamina that must free us and open the »Promised Land«.

Other British Marine Workers.

In Great Britain there are also separate organizations for officers, engineers, wireless operators, and all those engaged in the steward's department. Thus, on a British ship we can easily find the members of five or six unions, and possibly in addition a few men who are members of no union whatever. Each man owes allegiance to a different union, which gives him feeble protection in home ports, and no help at all in overseas ports. This is the principle of craft unionism, the gospel of despair. The workers are divided into sections so that they may be attacked one at a time by the powerful shipping interests. One section goes on strike, just like the wireless telegraphists did the other day, while the other Union men go on working, may be easing their trade union consciences by paying a sixpenny levy to support their poor brothers, who — sob! — are on strike!

The basis of marine unionism in Great Britain is rotten to the core, and neither fine sounding names nor aggressive talk can alter that fact. It amounts to suicide on the instalment plan. Although most of the unions are within the Transport Workers-Federation, it does not prevent them from acting as they did in the past. The axe has to go to the root, and the spirit and structure of craft unionism hast to be destroyed. And we must

remember that even an Industrial Union of British Marine Workers cannot attain its objective if it confines itself solely to the ports of the United Kingdom. Capitalism is international in its scope and scientific in its structure. Unionism of the Workers of the Sea must adapt an equivalent organization.

Ireland.

In the »poor distressful country« our fellow marine workers command our attention and admiration. Their courage and heroism stand in marked contrast to the cowardly supineness of the British organisations. Neither terrorism nor outrages deter them. The great majority are for scientific world unionism, and within their island they are perfecting their weapon to take their stand by the Brotherhood of the Seas and Docks, when it makes its advent. Organizations that live in the world of struggle must generate both clear-minded and intelligent men, men who are in the movement for the sake of their class and not for personal ambition, the degrees of capitalist universities or the thirty pieces of silver of the master-class press. You men on the Cork and Dum Langshaire docks, and you Irishmen who toil on the ships of the world, throw in your vigorous forees for establishing the dictatorship of the outcast seaman and the pariah longshoreman.

Scandinavia.

It is regrettable to know that in Scandinavia the unions are as divided, and their outlook almost as reactionary as in Great Britain. The

late secretary of the Norwegian Seamens's and Firemen's Union recently received a gold medal from the King for something he had not done for his membership. The members sacked him. In Norway there is, however, a steadily growing spirit among the men for some thing better. Overseas they are the fighting spirit of unionism, and there are no better men than the boys from the fjords for breaking the world into the necessity for One Union. During the recent fights for unionism in the ports of South America, they were the backbone of the Union, and ready to picket or strike at a moment's notice. The officers are, in the mass, more democratic, and there is not the air of stand-offishness that is so typical of other nations. In Sweden the seamen are in the hands of Charles Lindley. He is the same type of man as Havelock Wilson and was the right handman of Herr Branting, the Social Democratic White-guard, when the latter was Premier. The question for the Swedish marine workers is whether or not they can afford to wait until Mr. Lindley is translatedto the Kingdom of Heaven. The deepwater Swedes are good fellows they are good organizers and aggressive.

Early in 1920 in Danmark the Firemen's Union went on strike. Prior to that event there were separate unions for seamen and firemen. They were defeated in the bad old fashion, after having been sold out by parliamentary bell-wethers. (The term »bell-wether« is a rather good one, and fits the average politician. A bell-wether is an educated sheep which leads the other muttons into the slaughter-pen, and then steps back to lead the next batch. The muttons, which are very human in their instincts, will always follow their leader. They emulate their two-

legged cousins by going into a long sleep after they have been beguiled and soothed by the bleats of their political misleaders.) The Union was fined 400000 crowns, but if the members are willing to work industriously and continuously, the government will consent not collect the fine. While the strike was on, the ships were worked by scabs from the rural districts, and these gentry ran the ships to oversea ports where union men belonging to the Yellow International Transport Workers Federation, handled the cargo. When I was in Kristiania, in April 1920, the strike had just been declared. The Danish motor-ship »Afrika« came into port. Her anchors were no sooner down than the seamen and oilers went on strike. They were taken off the ship and sent back to Danmark, probably to jail. »The Afrika« had cargo on board for Lisbon, and the officers and engineers worked her, the largest motor-ship in the world, and took her down to Lisbon without an able seaman or a motorman aboard her. So you see, fellow worker, what motor-ships are going to mean to you in the years that are going to come. They will not need you, that's all. The mates and engineers scabbed on their fellow workers in that case.

Long distance scabbery is one of the worst evils of our present state of disorganization. In July 1919, the Finn barque »Lawhill« left La Plata, Argentina with a scab crew. This was reported by the Marine Transport Workers to the Danish Union. When the »Lawhill« arrived in Arhus, Danmark, she was tied up and her scab crew were chased ashore and afterwards heavily fined for their treachery. Isolated actions such as this case show what a punch a World Organization could develop, as it wouls make

it impossible for scabbery to exist in the marine industry.

In October 1920, the politicians were ousted from the control of the Danish marine unions, and Fellow worker Borgland was re-instated in the presidency. In order to avoid the fine, the industry is to be re-organized on Industrial Union lines, and there is to be a break-away from Havelock Wilson's machine, During the strike of 1920, the Danes did not get solidarity from the Yellow Amsterdam Federation.

The Eastern Baltic.

On the Eastern shore of the Baltic, the Finnish Seamen's and Firemen's Unions have their centre at Helsingfors. According to Fellow worker Ahonen, the secretary, the Finns are in sympathy with the creation of a fighting international. I have found Finns in oversea unions to be a fine militan type, very determined and intelligent. Owing to the predominance of the White Terror, the wages and conditions are villainously low. The wages are equivalent to about £ 3.0.0 English per. month. In Reval efforts are now being made to line the workers up, but matters are too unsettled in Riga and other ports to form any idea of the future.

Germany.

Marine unionism in Germany is in a deplorable state. That is due mainly to the fact that the greater part of German ships are now in Allied hands. The pre-war tonnage of 5135000 tons had been reduced to 419000 tons

in June, 1920. Thus the »Deutsche Schiffahrtsbund« has lost about 50 % of its former influence. As a result of this the German workers are suffering tremendously but the spirit that runs through their publications is far ahead of many other countries. There have been many industrialists deported to Germany from the United States and other countries, and the slavishness that used to be characteristic of German merchant ships has now almost ceased to be. All the ships owned in the old Austrian-Hungarian Empire to the extent of 1052000 tons have been confiscated by the Allies, and are now under the Italian flag, and the blue-and-white striped inter-allied flag. Hence there are no unions in those districts outside of the Italian Union which has now spread to the Eastern Adriatic.

Holland.

In Holland we have another advancing body of dockers and seamen, who are fed up with Havelock Wilson and the reactionaries in control. Fellow worker van den Berg, the secretary of the Netherlands Transport Workers Federation is a student of advanced forms of organization, and is anxious to see something newer and better. The men are not afraid to strike, but wages are very low and conditions are bad. During their strike of February, 1920, solidarity was extended to the Dutch workers in the ports of the United Kingdom and Argentina. Rotterdam ist one of the most promising ports in the world for the new organization.

Belgium.

Since the war the Belgian Seamen's Union has been re-organized as a part of the National Seamen's and Firemen's Union of Great Britain. The Belgian section, however, has accomplished far more for its membership than Wilson's union has in its 33 years of uselessness. Indeed, in 1919, Mr. Wilson had to issue a warning to the Belgians that they were going to fast. All the fishermen are also organized in the union. In the pre-war days, conditions were very bad out of Antwerp, and until quite recently the companies used to brand their men on the arm with a rubber stamp. The Belgian dockers are very militant, and a few months ago tied up three blackleg-loaded ships that came from Malaga in Spain. Antwerp is a very promising place.

France.

In France the organizations are weak and the wages low. A French officer does not receive as much wages as an American seaman. There is, apart from the official element, quite a good spirit growing up, as was exhibited when the captain of a French ship had the steward arrested in Hull. The whole crew struck and were taken, under escort, back to France for trial. They were sentenced, but speedy action and a strike procured their release. A large section of the men were colored, and from the French possessions. No action was taken in Hull to protect their French fellow workers, although they are both in the Yellow International.

The Peninsula.

Portugal is in a state of chaos, and at the mercy of several unscrupulous political groups, who are always getting in and then thrown out in their turn. The Unions are making headway, but the cabecillas — professional chiefs — are still a hindrance.

Spain is under the iron heel and the quarters of the fighting organisations are »clausurada por el gobierno« — closed by the government. La Sociedad Naval de Marineros y Fogoneros of Barcelona exists in secret in the foc's'les, but the leaders are lying in the fortress of Montjuich. The Spaniards are fine fighters for the cause, and right through the main Spanish ports there are hosts of deportees whose propaganda for the One Big Union is making strides. In the Canary Islands the wages are very low for both marine workers and dockers, being less than half the wages paid in Bilbao and Cadiz on the mainland.

Italy.

The Italisn coast-line is under the control of the »Lavoratori del Mare« — The Toilers of the Sea — with head-quarters in Genoa. This latter port is also one of the promising ports in the world movement. The revolutionary activity among our Italian fellow workers is too well-known to need any extensive description. More than any other nationality outside of Russia they have manifested their manhood, particularly by initiating the blockade on munitions to be used against the Soviets, and afterwards by insisting upon the unconditionsal re-

lease of the Red crew of the Russian Soviet steamer, »Rodosto«. These are only two incidents out of many. Genoa is to be one of the great ports in the reconstruction of the Red Marine International. It is the largest shipping centre in the Mediterranean for oversea ships.

The Levant.

The only organization in the Levant outside of Russia are the Greek Seamen's Union and a small industrial International Union in Constantinople. Little is known about the Greek organization, but that little is good the members stand very little nonsense from the employers. The Russian port and marine unions have been isolated owing to the blockade, but, as trade is sure to be soon opened up, and there are orders for at least 500 ships in the hands of Vanderlip & Co., of the U.S.A., we may take it for granted that the Union in the Black Sea will be a model organization, and their living and working conditions as ideal as human ingenuity can make them. The Brothethood of the Sea will receive an enormous accession of strength and militancy from their affiliation.

The Far East.

There are organizations lifting their heads in the ports of Japan, China, Burma and India. In 1914 Ping Yin, a Chinese, formed a seamen's union in Rangoon, Burma, which possessed a weekly newspaper in Chinese. Lately, a Union has been formed also in Madras and Calcutta. These things are encouraging, for whether we, the marine workers like it or not, we have to

organize together, white and colored, for our common emancipation. We cannot let our race rivalries get the best of our commonsense. There must be One union, or unions that act as one, in Calcutta and Singapore as well as in Glasgow and Antwerp. The Eastern people will be easely organized once the language difficulty is overcome.

Oceania.

The Australian Union has undergone a vast change in the past few years. The reactionary officials have been thrown out of their jobs. Wages are lower than on American ships, but conditions are better. One is now spared the odious sight of a seaman carrying his bedding about with him, and the company, in addition, must supply eating and other utensils. The food is good, and there are opportunities to pay off at almost any port that a man desires. In June, 1920, the seamen and wharf-laborers in Sydney, N. S. W. gave the Labor Government thirty days in which to release the famous I. W. W. Twelve, otherwise they would declare a general strike. Their action forced the release of ten of the men, including Peter Larkin, Tom Glynn, Donald Grant and others, after they had been in goal for nearly four years on trumped-up evidence. The Australian Seamen's and Firemen's Union recently issued a call to the marine workers to establish an international understanding, and such will be welcomed everywhere throughout the Island Continent. In New Zealand the seamen are still in reactionary hands, but the wharflaborers are militant sections of New Zealand Transport Workers' Federa-

tion and may be relied upon, in the main, to support a move in the right direction. In Westport, New Zealand, the dockers used to commence their week's work on each Monday morning by having their union meeting starting at 8 a. m. After they had terminated their own business then they were ready to do the work for the boss. It is a good example to follow, fellow workers.

North America.

Organization of marine workers in the United States is divided between the International (?) Seamen's Union and the Marine Transport Workers of the I. W. W. The officials of the former union are well paid, but are not worth the money. They believe that by lobbying around the Senate House in Washington, they will help the seamen. As a matter of fact such work never altered anything of importance for the seamen. It is true that the conditions on U. S. ships are an improvement upon those on other country's ships, but we have to remember that the United States is a newcomer in marine transportation, and that they have been compelled to give good conditions in order to attract men to go to sea. It has been necessity more than lobbying that has accomplished things. The Marine Transport Workers are destined to grow and to bind together the marine workers in the United States. The warring craft and graft unions on the New York water-front must give way to the scientific form of organization adopted by their fellow workers in Philadelphia. In the Gulf and on the West Coast the One Big Union has to come

and the fighting vanguard of the I. W. W. will easily carry the day if they will but bestir themselves. More than the members of any other party or union, are the I. W. W. men scattered around the world. There is no corner of the world where you do not come across the »wobs«. They leave a good trail behind them. It is all the easier to make headway because both the American Federation of Labor and the International Seamen's Union insist upon ignoring even the Yellow Amsterdam Federations and its consumptive child, the International Transport Federation. The United States are big enough and wide enough for the I. S. U.

Mexico and the West Indies.

In Mexico the I. W. W. has undertaken the organizing of the marine workers, and are establishing locals in Tampico and Tuxpan, both big oil ports. Cuba is becoming quite a red centre, where there have been many strikes of late. Trinidad and Jamaica have also had labor troubles, in which the marine workers were prominent. The World movement need not fear the workers in these countries being behind. They are ripe, when the right men blow along.

South America.

There are three great maritime nations in South America, the A. B. C. countries, viz, Argentine, Brazil and Chile. In Argentine the Port Workers' Federation is one of the most advanced and scientific organizations of its kind. The leaders are fervent industrialists,

know what they want and how to get it. They have a fighting alliance with the Road Transport Workers' Federation, and the Marine Transport Workers, which, since May, 1919 has catered for the oversea workers of all nationalities and unions who arrive in the ports of the Republic. The Federation Obrera Maritima — the Argentine Seamen's, Firemen's, Officers and Engineers' Union — is reactionary, but, with a big leavening of industrialists. When this organization is lined up with the dockers and the oversea union, then the coast of Argentine will be the closest organized in the world, and the international boss will have his work cut out. The M. T. W. doubled wages, abolished shanghai-ing, reduced hours, and established job control in these ports, a thing that could be accomplished in every maritime country if the workers would only set to work to do it.

In Chile the marine workers are organized in the »Gente del Mar« — the People of the Sea — and the dockers and launch-workers (nearly all cargo is worked from the ships to lighters on the West Coast) belong to the Union of Lancheros y los Estibadores de los Puertos Chilenos. These are sections of the Chilian I. W. W. which possesses a membership of 28.000 members and is the bane of not only the Chilian, but also the »gringo« capitalist. In the last two years, the organization has spread to Arica in the North and down to Puerto Montt, Corrall, Coronel and Talcahuano in the South.

The port workers in Brazil possess many radicals in their ranks and during 1919 and

1920 many of their members were deported for agitational work in Rio de Janeiro, Bahia and Santos. The conditions on Brazilian ships are scandalous and wages are very low. In many cases the ships are manned with navy men who are paid at navy rates. Since the war Brazil has obtained quite a large merchant fleet, mainly at the expense of Germany. Callao in Peru and Monte Video in the Eastern Republic of Uruguay are also important ports that have to be reckoned with in the business of organization.

Conclusions.

Something more than a mere International Transport Workers' Federation is needed to bring these workers together into one organization, or at least into such an understanding of one another that they will act as one organization. The black shadow of Havelock Wilson has deterred the movement long enough. The isolated action that we have witnessed during the year 1920 is enough evidence of the present childish way of fighting capitalism. The Danes and the Dutch were both defeated simply on account of a lack of understanding. World transport is the strategic point of international capitalism. The marine transport industry is the most cosmopolitan of all industries. The proletariat can never assume control until they conquer the ocean routes and the ships that follow them. The present state of sectional, national unionism reminds one of so many mosquitoes attempting to push an elephant over. Let us consider the enormous power that we are fighting, and climb, for the few moments out of the dingy foc's'le or the grimy port

where we work. When the dockers in Liverpool discharge the grain from a Norwegian barque, do they ever think of the brown-skinned Argentine workers who reaped it, loaded it to the railway, pulled it to the docks, and then packed it away in the corner of the hold where they find it? Or the polyglot crew that has brought her through the trades, across the Line and through the mists of the Channel?

Let us, I say, rise out of our ordinary groove and notice our own share in the production and distribution of wealth. We are one of the links in the long chain, that stretches from the Argentine wheat field to the baker's shop in Swansea. From our combined labour springs all the wealth that we see around us. We produce the gorgeous banques for our masters as well as our own meagre meals. Fine clothes for our masters and their over-fed cubs, and dungarees and shoddy for ourselves and our children! Our labor is much the same as that of our brothers in Shanghai, Sydney or Valparaiso. There is so little difference that it is not worth fighting over. There are a thousand good reasons why we should be in the one organization fighting the same fight against the same tyrants. Let us forget our nationalities, and remember that we are of the same class, and that our interests are the same. Let us counter the Giant Octopus with the fighting armour of One Big Union on the Sea and the Docks.

Let us, I say, build from the stocks up, a super warship of Proletarian Power, and wipe their cursed slavery from the seas. Let us erect Industrial Democracy in the foc's'le,

and build the structure of that future administration that will control all the ships, and collect them under the banner of the World Organization of the Toilers of the Sea.

»He who would be free, himself must strike the blow«.

CHAPTER 7.

The Way to Power.

The rank and file of the ships and docks have to create something new and modern if they are to fight the bosses with any degree of success. This new form of organization will not come from the trade union Jonahs, many of whom have never seen a ship, and can't speak any language except the one they picked up when they were children. Most of these poor old fossils are in their second childhood, for, while their legs are alive their heads are dead. I have seen the secretary of the Auckland branch of the New Zealand Seamen's Union come down to the Union office in a pony chaise. He was about sixty inches around the waist, and his legs could scarcely stand the weight. The assistant secretary would come out and report how things were going on, after which John would whip up to the tired pony, which waddled away with his mountainous load of trade union officialism. That was his day's work.

The craft unions have to be broken up, because they are worse than useless. When they meet the owners they act like a dying duck in a thunder storm. They keep their watery eyes fixed on the ground, and have as many legs as a caterpillar. The idea of doing anything never occurs to them, and any man whose trouble takes him up to the union office is an unwel-

come visitor. When the unemployed army gets large they cry for unemployment doles, and chase their colored members off ships in order to make room for their white members. If a man with red blood trys to stir things up, the officials will conspire with the companies to boycott him. They have a way of trying to silence the opposition with the assistance of retired pugilists and toughs. Some of the dockers unions are run on the same system, and the officials are more noted for their physique in a few cases, than for their brains.

The Meaning of Power.

Modern workers want something more than good old craft Unionism has to offer. They want to put the boss to work on the docks and the ships, and to see that his wife is going to nurse here own children, wash her own clothes and clean her own floor. They want economic Freedom, the right to live a full life and to have their material requirements attended to. They want to own the ships instead of being treated as so many slobs when they are aboard.

In October, 1920, some 93.000 miners went on strike in Great Britain. They were on strike a very short time, but that little time stirred things up. Factories closed, railway services were reduced, in fact everyone was more or less affected. The coal mining industry is not only a national industry, but a strategic one. Let us have 900.000 marine workers and 11.200.000 dockers in one organization all over the world, with the same spirit as shown by the British miners, and how much more power could we wield, especially if we had the co-operation of

the land transport workers and the miners of the world behind us.

We have then to build from the bottom up. Every person working aboard a ship, wether on the bridge, the deck, the stokeroom, the engine-room, the steward's room or the wireless room must be in the one organization. Everyone is exploited by the same masters, everyone must organize together against the common enemy. Each department will elect its own delegate, and the delegate will be responsible for his fellowcomrades, see that they are in good standing, distribute educational matter and that their grievances are redressed. These delegates, as their function extends, and as the power of the workers grow with the perfection of their organization, will tend to become more and more the administrative body on board a ship. One of these delegates will be elected to represent the ship in the various ports. As soon as the ship arrives in port it will be his duty to render a report at the shore office, and clear the ship to the longshoremen for working the cargo. He will put in a document showing particulars about the ship, the names of her crew, their standing in the Union, etc. The combined delegates aboard a ship should act as a ships committee.

Cards & Officials.

There should only be one dues card, by which means it should be possible to pay the dues in any port of the world, where the World Organization has control. Once a man is a member he is always a member. Delegates should also act as messengers between the

various countries and districts, thereby guaranteeing the delivery of correspondence of their own and similar organizations. In the case of International Congresses dealing with the people of the sea, the delegates should be aided to work their passages to the place of conference, and an end be put to the system of travelling first class, such as is adopted by the modern Jonahs who are retarding the movement.

No union official is worth more than the average in the industry that he is organizing. The Union members that allow their officials £ 10.0.0 a week while they shemselves are only getting £ 4.0.0 are damned fools. If the official wants a rise then let him get busy getting his members a rise, when he will benefit accordingly. No aspiring politician should be allowed to hold a Union job, borrow a shilling, or ask for a vote. A reformist politican is the rottenest type of man there is on God's green earth. He is lower than a white-slaver, and would pinch the Great White Throne itself, if ever he had the remarkable luck to come into heaven. He was turned down and shuffled off to hell. When he was questioned at the gate about his mode of life on earth, he replied that he had been a politician. This was reported over the 'phone to his Satanic Majesty — who was busy frizzling up some respektable shipowners and seamens missioners — who ordered, »We don't allow politicians in hell, otherwise they'd make everybody as bad as they are themselves. Give him a bucket of pitch and let him go away and make a hell of his own«. And thus the gentleman who had scabbed on the unemployed by holding to mans jobs as

union official and member of Parliament got fixed up for eternity.

Our Class and Our Boss.

Last year when there was a strike of firemen on the East Coast of the U. S., the shipowners sent blacklegs on board. As soon as they arrived, the engineers — members of their own craft union — did the manly thing and struck also. That settled it, Solidarity wins the goals. The secret of success is to stik together like mud and a blanked. You belong to the one class and you are always right when you have your fist under the nose of the human sharks that belong to the other, and who skin you. The cooks labor is just as necessary as the skippers, the firemens energy as the engineers technique. The boss doesn't exploit you because he loves you, for as a matter of fact, the real boss never sees you, and doesn't want to see you either. There is profit in your carcass and he wants to coin it into a bank balance. Day by day he coins up your energy into golden dividends, and as soon as he has stripped your hide of the last ounce of your nervous and physical power he fires you to bum your food along the waterfront for the rest of your days.

Fellow workers, conceive the class idea. Our class against the masterclass. Let us consider our children before their children, our womenfolk before their women, ourselves before both them and their lily-handed avarice. And if they want a loaf, let them earn it.

Coffin Unionism.

You know, fellow worker, that if you are payed off in Genoa from an oversea ship you do not, so far, get protection from the local unions. The same was the case in Buenos Aires and Rosario before the Marine Transport Workers were established there. There is no union there for you, and so you are shanghaied or shipped for any old wages at all. Now, fellow workers, we have to put an end to this once and for all. You know that there are several great international shipping centres in the world that are similar to Genoa. They are Antwerp, Rotterdam, Hamburg, Barcelona, Liverpool, Hull, Newcastle-on Tyne, Glasgow, London, Cardiff, Melbourne, New York, Philadelphia, San Franzisco, Seattle, Valparaiso, Callao and Rio de Janeiro. They are in precisely the same condition for the men working on oversea ships as Buenos Aires was before May, 1919.

Now you know, you British seamen, that even if Havelock Wilson's Union does such a lot of good for you in the ports of the United Kingdom, it does nothing for you in Helsingfors, Barcelona, or Shanghai. Neither do either the Seafarer's Union nor the Hull Union. The Belgian Union doesn't protect its members in Copenhagen, Malm, or Hong Kong. The International (?) Seamen's Union of the United States has no power in London, Rio, or Auckland, N. Z. When a badly injured Norwegian Unionman sent a note from his ship in the Commercial Docks, London, to the delegate of the British Union to assist him in getting justice, he was informed that »the law of the country prevented their union from doing anything for

him, but that they would work to get an Act trough Parliament that would help poor foreigners when they get hurt«. So, fellows, you see how useless this kind of unionism is to the men who follow the deep Sea. It is money wasted and time lost. It is boss's unionism for it plays into his hands.

The Amsterdam Federation.

The yellow International Transport Workers Federation has federated no one. Things are in as bad a state as they were in the year 1914. The conference held recently in Kristiania was remarkable for nothing except the banquet. In fact the average international congresses have become little else, except excuses for joy trips on the part of the Labor Generals of the different countries. They are tedious and useless, and couldn't organize a peanut stall. The future of the Marine Transport Workers circles round Moscow and not Amsterdam.

Towards Power.

The establishment of Ship's Committees is imperative. We have to open offices in all ports that I have just mentioned. In some places the local organizations will gladly fall into line, and we will welcome them, for we are tired of carrying half a dozen cards, and possessing no protection oversea. We require the »International and Universal« for our organization. Every sensible man is ripe for it, whatever his creed me be. While in port the ship's delegates will meet weekly and arrangements shall be made to overcome language difficulties, which

are the principal obstacle. That will breed a fraternal spirit. Further, such a form of organization would entirely smash the existing national unions and make the Vigilance Committees of the longshoremen fall into line. The Marine Transport Workers would not control the Argentine ships in Buenos Aires, but they would in London. Glasgow or Genoa. The M. T. W. in Genoa would controll all non-Italian tonnage and work hand in hand with the »Lavoratore del Mare«. By these methods of organization we would encircle the world with a girdle of steel that would render the employers powerless. We would be on the way to control and to possess the ships. And, without being too hard on the theoretical internationalists, we would point out that there can never be an effective World Power of the workers until this or some other similar project is launched and perfected. The closest philosophers may disagree with it, but the academians who never coiled a rope nor took a turn at the wheel will not seriously defer it. It is enough to say that intelligent men who follow the sea feel that this method of Industrial Net-work is the startingpoint for the Federated Worker's Republics of the Planet Earth.

From practical experience it will be found necessary to have paid delegates to visit the ships in port, and to interview all ranks aboard. Men who are staunch industrialists and can speak two or more languages are the most desirable. They must be trained for the work, for they have to impart the ideas of Industrial Control Scandinavians, Germans and Hollanders on deep-water trafic generally speak more or less English. In Buenos Aires we found that

Scandinavians made the best delegates. For the Latin ships we shall have to find men who can speak two or more languages such as French, Italian, Greek and Spanish.

Shore Delegates.

It will be the duty of the shore delegates to visit each ship in his area daily, to note how many men have left the ship, and to see that they register at the Union office if paid-off for further employment. The delegate must see that every ship has a full crew signed on at least three days before the ship is ready for sea, otherwise the dockers must be acquainted and the ship tied-up. All employment must go by rotation, and be undertaken only at the Union office. In Buenos Aires we had three sections, viz., deck, Engine-room and steward's. Officers and engineers were also shipped through the Union, when vacancies occured in the port.

No seaman was allowed to visit ships to look for a job nor were they allowed to stay at, or visit non-union boardinghouses or bars. Captains were not allowed to be fastidious about the men that they wanted, for we took the standpoint that every man had a stomach, wether he was small or whether he was otherwise. If a man proved that he was a sailor, then that was all there was to it.

The shore delegates were responsible for the distribution of literature that was printed for the different grades in various languages. Special leaflets were issued to captains, officers and the men in the foc's'le. Whenever, in Buenos Aires, we had a serious fight, an explanatory manifesto was issued in Spanish for the dock workers.

When the M. T. W. tied up the Dutch ships in February, 1920, at the request of the Dutch union secretariat, the matter was explained in a Spanish leaflet to the dockers, and in a Dutch leaflet to the Dutch crews, Thus two national groups of workers fought together, although they did not speak a word of one another's language.

How we did in Buenos Aires.

In Buenos Aires we recognized the members of other oversea Unions. We transferred them free. If a man was in good standing oversea he merely registered at the Union office for his next job and he paid nothing. Alle we required was that he should act according to the Union rules in the port. This system smashed the shanghaiers out of their business and made it impossible for them to operate. When the dockers boycotted a ship at the request of our Union, they did not return to work until they had been paid for the time they had not workcd, a fact that was not appreciated by the shipping companies. Doubtful ships and boarding houses were picketed, and the owners of the latter became puppy-dogs under the rule of the Union, wheras before they had been man-eaters and terrors to the seamen. We built that power out of 250 starving men of all nationalities, who had been sleeping in railway trucks, and getting a little food from the ships. They were the finest body of men that ever picketed a consulate or upper-cutted a shanghaier. If we had 5.000 of such men scattered trough the marine industy today, we'd have the boss shovelling coal in no time.

A little occurrence shows the kind of temper these men had. One day the news leaked trough that a shanghaier had boasted he was going to bribe the police to get the secretary arrested. A Chinese cook who was member of the Union went to his place, and showing him the point of a vicious-looking knife, he said, »If you allest secletally, I bloody well kill you, Savvy«? He savvied all right. On the Norwegian steamer that I came north on, the Chinese steward had more wages than the chief engineer wo was signed on in Norway. The least paid man on the ship was the third mate, who received about 30 krones a month less than the Chinese galley boy. Both the Chinese were members of the Buenos Aires local of the M. T. W.

With Power in our hands we may have the pleasure of soon seeing Lord Inchcape going into print again because we are going to compel him to pay the same wages to Lascars and Chinese as he does to the Britishers. He may not like it, but that's his business.

What we accomplished in Argentine can be accomplished everywhere else if the boys will go together and build such an organization from the bottom up. We want delegates to give her a start. We are one class. We must have one Union with one aim. The Mastery of the ships and wharves, and establisment of the rule of the Poletariat on the Ocean.

CHAPTER 8.

The Dock Workers

When I left Buenos Aires, in February 1920, the Federacio Portuaria had scheduled a scheme to enforce two shifts a day on the docks, and to abolish night work. The first shift was to commence work at 6 a, m. and, with a half hour spell for breakfast, to work on until 12 noon. Then they finnished for the day. The second shift commenced at 12 noon and worked until 6 p. m., withanother half=hour for »smoke=oh«. There was no more work then until the follo= wing day, when the men went on the alternative shifts. The work for one day's pay would therefore amonnt to 5 ½ hours. They were to be engaged at the Union »stand« by rotation. It was considered that it was better, if everyone had some work, than it is if the 'loyals' do it all and keep the other men out of the job.

There was an unemployment question in Buenos Aires and as it is no good asking for unemployment doles in that country, they had to rely upon themselves, and solve their own difficulties. They put an end to the career of the workhog who used to work the day shift on one ship, and then scoot away to another dock to work the night shift on a different ship. They set themselves the task of seeing that every man had a job. Now in Buenos Aires no docker is allowed to hang around the boss's coat=tails or buy him drink. If he was sus=

pected of doing so, he would be kicked of the wharves. A man can only do such a thing once.

Labor Saving Machinery.

In Buenos Aires, as in London, and in other parts of the world, the shipping and stevedoring companies have been introducing labor-saving devices. Wheat is now loaded in Rosario by elevators and unloaded in Liverpool by suction pipes. Electric cranes and whinches reduce the number of days now spent in port by ships, and fewer dockers are necessary to work them. The slings become larger, and the contractors attempt to get six men to do the work of eight. The introduction of oil fuel is displacing thousands of workers formerly engaged in bunkering the ships. The oil-lines are laid on the ship, and, in a couple of hours she has her bunker tanks replete and full. As the number of oil-burners increase less ships will be engaged in the carrying of coal, and the coal workers in the port will be more and more unemployed. The big oil tankers that bring oil from Mexiko unload their huge cargoes in a few hours, and then depart. They can make three voyages while coal-carrying ships can only make two. As I have pointed out this affects the men on ships as well as the men on shore.

Speedier loading means more profits for the ship-owners, more misery and poverty for the dockers, the coal-lempers and their dependents. We cannot see any solution to this problem in the unemployed dole. The dole would be feasible if the world was poorer than formerly, but such is not the case. The facts are that the ruling class is richer than ever before, and

if our class is starving it is starving in the midst of plenty. Hence there can be no solution short of the abolition of private ownership of shipping, and the inauguration of the control of the industry by the workers engaged therein.

The Links in the World Chain.

This process is not merely affecting the transport industry but every other industry. Many of the workers drift towards the wharves when they become unemployed, and thus increase the vile conditions that exist. Skill is not so necessary on the docks and they come to compete with the docker. This question is much the same in every country. The Hindoo who loads the rice, the Spaniards who load the iron-ore, and the man who fills the holds with guano on Christmas Island. and which the New York or London docker unloads, all are suffering from the same disadvantages and the same miseries. The man who is in work fears the man who is not, and vice versa. Wages fall, and the workers are driven more and more to the slums. It drives good men to jail, and weak men to begging. Some steal, and some go to the lunatic asylum. Capitalism is devoid of a logical reason for its existence. It is inhuman, impersonal and relentless. It is inadequate and unsatisfactory, and therefore it must be destroyed.

The driving power of hunger makes men do things that their manhood revolts against. When munitions of war are to be loaded the docker's heart is divided between his hungry children, and his class brothers oversea. His children are before his eyes daily; the downtrodden race oversea he does not see. There-

fore when we see such a shining example of working solidarity which was displayed by the men who were loading the »Jolly George« in the port of London, and refused to place munitions aboard that their brothers in Russia were to be killed with, we must appreciate such action. It is a demonstration of Power, and if the men on the »Vigilance Committees« will bestir themselves we shall have any amount of such. Power does not come in sudden outburst; it is a growth which must develop its technical and administrative side. It is constant work and application that wins. The sincere earnest plodder who carries on the work over years is worth a thousand of the fiery-tongued orators who whiz for a few moments like a sky-rocket and then blow out.

I have attempted in this book to give a slight idea of the power of our masters, and our present hopeless position. We see the dockers in New York divided into a dozen varying factions. We see them in the British Isles led by men who are living on their old reputations. We see organizations without power, and officials who have no knowledge of how power can be attained. If they do know, than they keep that knowledge to themselves. Our future becomes blacker and more despairing from day to day, and our officials insult our manhood by requesting a few crums from the enormous hoard that we have created, and placed at the feet of the rich. We have filled the banquet table for the other class until it groans with the weight. And we stand humbly before them asking for a tiny crumb for those who are dependent upon us.

It is the work of the Industrial Unionists to explain to you how you can create power, use, and finally free yourselves by it. Your national and sectional unions are almost uselees, for even within their zones they act indepen=dently, fighting like Kilkeny cats among them=selves. The dockers in Buenos Aires have made an effort to approach their own difficulties. They are making themselves responsible for their own unemployed. They are seeking to counter=act the boss's labor=saving appliances with shunter hours, and denial of night work. And yet, unlike the »superior« Anglo=Saxon, 50 % of those dockers cannot read.

Under the present forms of sectional orga=nization we can but hope to do very little, but if we create the one organization for all the workers on the ships and wharves then we are getting to the crux of the matter. We have to be so organized that, corresponding to the commodity that is brought on to a wharf, loaded into ships, transported by water, un=loaded from ships, and then loaded on to the railway truck, everyone of the men engaged re=gardless of their nationality or the flag of the ship on which the work is going on must be in the one Union. One Union in all ships and all ports. This will put an end to long distance scabbery, and create an organization which as it grows, will throw the gauntled to the shipping octopus and drive it for ever from the sea. This orga=nization will connect with the land transport threads of the different countries, and it will be the essential link, the corner stone without which there can be no International Labor Movement, no decisive action. This matter is of more importance than a hundred congresses,

for it is real organization in the field of things, tangible, concrete and demonstrable.

Fellow workers of the docks, you are the home-guards of the marine industry. The men on ships are your fellow workers. Together you are a mighty force, and an unbreakable power. Separated you are so many straws in the wind. Get hold of the class idea, fight for it, live for it, and, if need be, die for it.

There is no slavery but ignorance. The other class are only powerful because we are ignorant. Let us spread the gospel of class, and develop our spirit of self-reliance, and remember that we shall only be enslaved until the day when our power is sufficient to enforce our Freedom.

There is only one working class. Let us create One Big Union!

CHAPTER 9.

The International Fisherman.

Scattered in the out-of-the-way corners of Mother Earth one can come acros the deep-sea-fishermen. Up in the vicinity of Alaska and the Behring Straits you will find them engaged in the whaling and sealing industries. Down in the Southern Ocean, on the edge of the Antartic Sea, two thousand miles from the amenities of civilization, they carry on a migthy war against the denizens of the deep. The men of the Northern Seas are semi-organized in the port of Seattle, while many of the men who work on the inhospitable, treeless shores of South Georgia and Shetland are members of the M. T. W. of Buenos Aires.

These men are mostly Scandinavians and Russians. They are vilely paid when you take into consideration the loneliness and excessive cold of the desolate isles on which they live. Their employers who never visit the isles, where these men work, make enormous profits from oil and guano. The men have, under the stress of starvation, to sign a very one-sided agreement, and on occasions the companies violate the contract, and have been known to rob their men of every cent that they had earned over periods sometimes running into years.

South Georgia.

During January, 1920, there was a strike on the Grytwiken Station in the Island of South Georgia. The strike sprang up against the vile conditions, the rotten food and the low wages. The strike was won, but, shortly afterwards a Britsh cruiser, the »Dartmouth«, came in. The new agreement was promptly nullified by the manager when he found he had some force to back him. The men struck again to enforce the new agreement. They were then brought before the Resident Magistrate and the manager, between a file of armed navy-men, and told that if they wouldn't work under the old conditions they would be deported. The wailing-steamers were packed with men and they were thrown ashore in Buenos Aires. Several of the men were penalised of all their wages — running into several thousands of Norwegian krowns — because »they had instigated a strike«. At the company's office the remainder of the men was insulted.

These conditions will prevail until there is a strong section of the Marine TransportWorkers devoted to organizing these men. Once these companies get their men away into these isolated islands they treat them like dogs. For instance, the men who were »deported from South Georgia« — for that was inscribed across their passports by the Resident Magistrate in order to prevent the men from getting work again — were working for a company registered in Argentine on an agreement printed in Norwegian on a British Isand. This excellent contrivance on the part of the companies deprived the men of getting any legal redress in any of the capitalist courts.

Colonial Office Geography.

When the matter was brought before the British House of Commons by Neil Mac Lean, M.P., the Colonial Office informed him that they were unaware that there was such a place in the British Empire as South Georgia. They do not seem to be so interested in whale oil in the Colonial Office as the Foreign Office is in the oil that flows from the wells in Persia and Baku. The smart young men in the Colonial Office may easily mislay some part of the Empire if they do not wake up. A few years in the foc's'le of a ship would teach them more about the Empire, than they are likely to learn from the school-books for Standard 6, whence they evidently derive their vast knowledge.

Unionism for the Fishermen.

Most of the men who follow these dangerous occupations belong to the marine transport industry. Therefore we have to make provision for them both to protect them, and to organize them in the places where they work. It will facilitate their return to the industry again. They will be an accession of strength to the Marine International and the scattered and isolated nature of their work is not such that can be adequately covered by any existing national organization.

South Georgia and the Flakland group can be organized from Buenos Aires, the islands of Inaccessible and Tristan d'Acunha from Cape Town or Durban, and the Norther Pacific from Seattle or Nome. The roaming whaling-ships should be organized in their home-ports, and

care should be taken to see that if there is to be a contract it will be in plain laguage, and that food, clothing and accomodation are to be of the best. The payment by results system should be done away with, as it causes more recklessness and loss of life than anything else, especially when fighting whales.

If the companies do not agree to these things, then the World Organization must blockade the islands and refuse to move the oil or guano therefrom. Good men should be chosen as delegates as these are golden opportunities of educating men in those out-of-the-way corners, and plenty of literature should be devoted thereto in the necessary languages.

CHAPTER 10.

Some Things that a World Organizaiions could do.

It could Establish — for the present — an International Wage Scale.

Since the war has ended there have been changes of the currencies of the various countries. The Central Powers have felt these variations most keenly while some of the Allies have also suffered considerably. The currency of the United States has maintained the strongest position, while neutral countries like Holland, Sweden and Argentine have been affected in a minor degree. These alterations in the various currencies are due to several causes, including the borrowing of money on a large scale and the swamping of the markets and bourses with large amounts of paper money, which have an insufficient gold backing. This is observed if you go to change gold and paper notes in oversea ports. On the 13th. November 1920, an English sovereign would purchase American money to the value of $ 4.87, while a £ 1.—.—. Treasury Note is only worth the sum of $ 3.37. It is much the same in other ports outside of the British Empire.

When a seaman signs on a British ship he signs for so many pounds »sterling«. People are under the impression that he »word« sterling'

means gold. It is not correct, for when the man is paid off in a foreign port he will be paid at the »paper« rate. This matter has not interested the national unions, in fact, it is doubtful whether they even know that it is going on. The least that they can do is to insist that their men should be signed on in »gold« currency. By the slick juggling of the exchanges of the shipping companies rob the marine workers of hundreds of thousands of pounds each year.

The highest wages in the marine world are paid out of the ports of North and South America. American officers get 40 % more wages than those sailing out of European ports. The wages for seamen out of American ports are $ 85.00 per month which is aquivalent to about £ 25.0.0 English. The British seamen work 12 hours a day and the Americans 8 hours. The following table shows the wages paid out of various countries, and the amount that they should obtain if they received an international wage upon the same basis as the United States of $ 85.00 per month.

Port	Wages today	International Scale
London	£ 15.0.0	£ 25.0.0
Rotterdam	140.00 gulden	283.00 gulden
Athen	560.00 drachm.	937.00 drachm.
Hamburg	720 marks	7.300.00 marks
Antwerp	£ 15.0.0	£ 25.0.0
Copenhagen / Kristiania	316.00 kronen	643.75 kronen
Stockholm	320.00 kronen	450.00 kronen
Helsingfors	450.00 Finnm.	3.800.00 Finnm.
Barcelona	240.00 pesetas	709.00 pesetas
Genoa	800.00 lire	1.425.00 lire

Port	Wages today	International Scale
Montreal	85.00 dollars	95.00 dollars
Monte Video	81.50 pesos	81.50 pesos
Buenos Aires		
(overseas)	202.00 pesos	202.00 pesos
(local)	90.00 pesos	290.00 pesos
Valparaiso	160.00 pesos	525.00 pesos
Melbourne	£ 14.0.0	£ 25.0.0

We have no account of the wages on Swiss or Bolivian ships.

It could counteract the effect of cheap Asistic Labour.

The creation of an International wage-scale would compel the ship-owners to pay full wages to Chinese, Lascars and other Asiatics who work for underrates. We cannot ignore these men, they have to become unionized. Wailing against their presence on ships has never done anything and never can. We can settle that unpleasant question by organizing them and getting them to fight for the same wages and conditions. It will be interesting then to see whether the Inchcapes and the Pirries employed these men because they love them or because they work cheaper than white men. By forging the Power of the Marine International we are on our way to settling for always the vexed question of colored labour on ships.

Hence you will see, fellow worker, the necessity for an International Wage scale on the basis of the highest wages paid out of any port. There is no reason why seamen and allied

workers should be penalized on account of the changes in the currency. If the forthcoming conference of the national »funeral« societys at Brussels does not take this matter up and does not stand for it, it had better been swamped to its' own funeral the sooner the better. This question is merely a reform but it is a thing that will be welcomed, and it will go far towards prowing to men the utility of an International.

It will reduce and standardize Hours of Labour.

Some time ago the League of Nations convened a meeting of ship-owners and union officials in Genoa. They were supposed to be very concerned about the marine workers but when the question of hours came up for seamen, it was contrived that the proposal for the 48 hours week be defeated by 1 8 of a vote. The wailing British ship-owners caterwauled that it would mean bankruptcy, and a compromise was fixed at 66 hours a week which is more than some of these people have performed in a life time, safe in a week. In Australian and American ships the eight hour day has already been established, and for a time likewise in Danmark and Sweden, but the seamen of the former country lost it after the strike in March, 1920. The League of Nations labor office is merely a capitalistic tool to sidetrack the workers into hoping for something. The workers of the sea are to them what the frog is to the snake. Beware of Monsieur Albert Thomas with the nice black whiskers, fellow workers.

An International Marine Transport Organization could enforce the 44 hour week in port, and the 36 hour week in port in tropical countries, and a 48 hour week at sea, with no overtime exept under extraordinary circumstances. As I have pointed out we are not doing our duty to our fellows as long as we are working 12 hours a day while they are starving on the docks. We are responsible for our unemployed fellow workers. A strong organization would reduce the hours in the stoke-hole from 8 to 6, with four watches for firemen. If there are not enough firemen to work the extra shift then let the ship-owners work the additional watch. Instead of waiting for the bell-wethers to do things for us we have to do things for ourselves. We have to counteract the new labor-saving processes, the new routes, by strong and determined world unionism. We have to wage ruthless war against the decadent and vicious class who have coined enormous fortunes out of our overwork. our hunger and our misery. We have to develop the feeling that we are out to win and that the forces of Hell cannot prevail agaist us.

It will give men the Right to Leave their Ship anywhere.

Again, we have to force the right for our members to pay off in any port and get their wages in full. That the system of logging be abolished. All men must be engaged solely trough the Union offices and by rotation. Any delegate grafting or selling jobs must be expelled from the organization and boycotted.

No Union dues must be collected under the nose of the shipping agents as is the case in many countries today.

In Regard to Accomodation.

Ships that are minus decent living accomodation could be held up until they are refitted. The Marine International should approach all the workers engaged in the ship-building industry and ask them to refuse to build ships unless there are separate cabins for the men as well as properly fitted mess-rooms and hot and cold water-baths. Deck houses should be built foi the steersman, so that he is protected against the weather during his watch. Lifeboats should be in exellent condition, and electrically launched. Ship's Committees to insist that only third class passengers clear a ship before the crew when she is in a dangerous position. Let the parasites save their own hides. The Committees to have the power to stop the officers from racing in foggy or ice-berg-frequented seas, and to reduce the speed to one that is considered safe. To put an end to enormities such as the »Titanic« disaster, where the parasitical herds are saved and the firemen and seamen go down to their last grave leaving their desolate wives and hungry children to mourn the loss of their breadwinners. Our class, first, last and always.

A Marine International will give us a true appreciation of ourselves and a contempt for the idlers with their white hands, their class saloons and the good food. We do not want Seamen's missions, nor pipes at Christmas, nor tracts at Easter. We want power, for that is the basis of everything in the Future.

As to Food.

The food schedules have to be drawn up anew. Food must be inspected before the ship sails, and must be of the best. No margarine ought to be carried. There should be a refrigerator aboard every foreign-going ship. Ice or oatmeal water must always be available for the firemen. Ample fresh fruit and vegetables must be procured at each port, and the ship shall not be moved until these conditions have been carried out. As for the minimum food scale provided by politicans, we will fit a few ships specially for this type of people and send them to sea on their own schedule in order to educate them.

As to the Future.

When you read this, Fellow Worker, don't gasp, but get into the fight to bring it about. The things that I have mentioned, after all, are merely minor reforms, and will not make any serious hole in the banking accounts of our masters. But they are a basis of common agreement, things that we all desire, and things that we can bind the Workers of the Sea together on. They will help us understand each other, and encourage us towards the glorious day, when the Workers of the Sea will be the dominant force on the Ocean routes. In a few months you will see the ships of the Russian Workers Republic on the sea. They will be rebuilt for men to live in, not for wild animals who house like dogs, and worke like bullocks, such as we are today. All things are possible with an intelligent, organized working class.

Let us be in such a position that will enable us to go into any port in the world carrying the same card as the Docker. Let us stick together in fine or dirty weather, for a fight is the fight of everyone of us, whatever our flag, our ship, or our job.

CHAPTER 11.

A Few Words on Fighting.

It must be as plain as daylight to intelligent marine workers that the shipping octopus cannot be defeated by organizations like the exiding ones. The legislative acts of a country have no operation outside of their own boundaries. The men on deep-water ships only work a small portion of their time within their home ports. No political party can claim to protect the sea workers outside of their own radius of action. In addition, not one of five seaworkers possesses a vote, anyway. Under the control of capitalism, the relative and actual position of the working class becomes steadily worse from year to year. The other class becomes richer and more powerful. These tendencies continue under Labor Governments (as in Australia) just the same as under any other reformed political party.

Under these conditions the marine workers have to find other means of asserting our rights, than by voting for politicians, or relying upon the limited power of our local organizations. Political power does not come from nose-counting, it comes from industry. An industrial slave class is a political slave class. Men who cannot conquer freedom where they work can not conquer any kind of freedom. That has been demonstrated in nearly every country, since the termination of the war.

The scientific fighting organization upon which the future depends has to rise from the workers, and not to fall down from the professional secretaries and officials. The idea of class has to subordinate all other things to its own predominance. To that end, we have to regard all capitalists, college professors, politicians and other undesirables as enemies and foreigners, and all workers as our class brothers. That is to say, the Liverpool dockers and the Antwerp crane-drivers have more in common with the Chinese firemen and the Lascar seamen than they have with the Liverpool shipowner or the Belgian importer.

Capitalism is tottering; burdened with a million crimes it staggers towards its death. Social systems like human beings have their birth, adolescence, zenith, decay and death. From the womb of the old system comes the new. Chattel slavery grew out of tribal communism, feudalism out of chattel slavery, and capitalism out of feudalism. One class after another has climbed to the possession and control of the earth to be overthrown, in it's turn, by another, better fitted to manage, direct and possess. The last of the classes and the most numerous is now fitting itself to overthrow capitalism. »It is the historic mission of the working class to do away with capitalism«. »By organizing industrially we are forming the structure of the New Society within the shell of the old. On the side of the working class are all social forces. Treachery, faulty organization, political opportunism, and side issues may delay the coming of the triumph of the Workers, but cannot prevent it.

The Working Class is destined to master

the World. It is a destiny that can only come from clear and decisive knowledge. It must find its origin in the growth of the ideas of control and possession of the ships and wharves on which men work. The disintegrating forces of capitalism must give way to the ever-growing masterful masses of the workers. Their savage laws, their bloodstained arms will not save them.

As to Classes.

On certain days at Buckingham Palace or the White House you will see the representatives of the ruling classes of the different countries meet despite their varying religions, colors and languages, on terms of equality and comradeship. They do not war nor wrangle nor squabble about their respective differences. They leave that to the working class, and further, they foster it as much as possible, for in sectionalism and nationalism lies their own safety.

And yet, in February, 1920, I sailed out of the port of Buenos Aires on the Norwegian steamer »Vela«, which had eleven nationalities aboard. All the crew, with the exception of the officers and engineers were members of the M.T.W. in Buenos Aires, and we stuck together and agreed. Our united efforts gave us strength, for we were as cordial in our solidarity as our class enemies who meet in courts and castles. The Chinese in the galley, the Chilians, Spaniards, Italians, Swedes and Finns in the stokehole and the Norwegians, English, Germans, Esthnians and Russians on deck agreed like brothers. When we had a strike in Buenos Aires — against the captain for attempting to take a crew from a notorious shang-haier — it was the Argentine

dockers and carters that sided us, and, together, we compelled the captain to submit to the law of the organized workers enacted in the Union Hall.

Such is the method upon which the units of the Marine International must depend for their triumph. It will establish a fraternity and a brotherhood in every ship and every port, and create an impregnable buttress against exploitation. In its extension and practice it will give the marine workers the power to determine their own lives, the course of the ships on which they shall sail, and the cargo that they shall carry.

This will leave the hell-found instruments of war to rust in the railway sidings or to be forged into the implements of peace, the grey monsters that blight the bosom of the ocean will cease their vile work, and the Workers of the World, united trough the far-reaching arms of the Marine Workers' International, shall extend the rule of the Proletariat to the uttermost places in the world.

The Barbed Wire in the Path.

It is a lamentable fact that the people who know least about the requirements of the workers are the officials of their organizations. We hear the Yellow Amsterdam International, composed of the bell-wether leaders of prewar days, talking the same old platitudes, and even more than ever imbedded in their nationalism. The world has gone past them, but they persist in believing that the world of labor is following them. The world of labor is not only sick of their incapacity, but of the machine that sends them, year after year, and generation after ge-

neration, to talk the same generalities in so-called International Congresses.

And yet the men in the different industries are more than ready for something better. There are no men more capable of responding to the call for a fighting International than the men who risk their lives in every latitude. It is in their homes, it is the unspoken thought in their minds, that merely needs expressing for them to realize its vast importance.

In the past, these men have sailed the seas. The National Unions have collected their initiation fees and dues and given little in return. I have seen men with five or six union cards in their possession and yet unfinancial in any of them. Ignorance and incapacity of the officials have withheld any systematic co-operation between the different unions. No effort has ever been made to educate the workers, and, with the single exception of the »Australasian Seamen's Journal«, the marine union papers are the most woeful productions that where ever consigned to a butcher's boy for wrapping up meat*.

*) The corrector here find's it necessary to state that the author in his justified discontent cast's away the good with the bad. There are certainly quite a number of union papers, that at least partially have done something to promote the mental development of the members. If the headway made has, seemingly, not been adequate, the plausible reason must be traced back to the undeveloped interest of the multitude who, scenting intellectual exertion in store, seldom took the pains necessary to read and to digest intellectual food that has been offered. He absolutely adheres to his opinion that Italian, one Dutch and some Skandinavian papers have now and then brought real useful lecture. Ever since the war there has, in Germany for instance, been published articles in the »Seemannsbund« later »Schiffahrtswarte«, that can match with any revolutionary standard accessible to our present time.

In a former chapter I mentioned the dinner given to the ship-owners by the British Union. Compare this with the following advertisement which appeared in the colums of the London »Observer« on the 28th. Oct. 1920.

They look to you for help!

The spectre of hunger cold and misery is staring in the face of the widows and children of British Merchant Seamen. There are

320 incapacited Merchant Seamen
887 Widows.

1.100 Dependents and Children on our books who lack the means of existence.

Can you help them?

Please send a donation today to

THOS. SCOTT
British Merchant Seamen and Their Dependents Fund.
Tower Building, Liverpool.

German bourgeois papers have ever, since the war was ended almost grown into the habit of, from time to time filling a column or two with the sailors grievances. But, as a matter of fact has to be stated, that the pains taken were not so much calculated to provide actual assistance at least not for the man before the mast, but rather to secure the captains and officers votes for the frequent ballots of the »freest Republic in the world«. The sailors in this republic,

who, in due continuance of prewar conditions enjoy the lowest wages in the world, have ever since the war ended been in a deplorable state. They were compelled to live on about 2½ d. a day, if they had the questionable luck to get »Erwerbslosenunterstützung«. When on board they can only achieve to maintain their families by smuggling etc. Most probably the scandalous low standard of life of seamen on German ships has been maintained by the German shipowners with the consent of the »famous« Paul Müller, official of the section of seamen of the German Transport Workers and the secret understanding of the internationaly united shipowners of most of the seafaring nations. After the well designed blocade they are now in a state of demoralization that makes them grip after any chance crossing their way. The deplorable part played by far too great a number of them, as scabs on board of Skandinavian, American and Dutch ships, was foreseen and foretold by those idealists that stand in the German seamens revolutionary movement. More than one article in the »Schiffahrtswarte« pointed to the ensuing danger, more than a score of letters to foreign unions implored for timely understanding of the arising problem and relief against the far to long extended and injustified British blocade. As a matter of course they found no appreciation among British seamen, the N. S. a. F. Union never even once condescending to answer the well meant appeal. But the chauvinism shown by British seamen was, if possible, surpassed by the Norwegian sailors.

Such as matters stood and stand up to the present moment the benefit is for the international shipowner. Here is yet a vast field in which

hard work has to be done to enlighten the mind of the poor misguided sailor.

This all is not only a condemnation of the swinish inhumanity and greediness of the ship-owners, but it is a striking proof of the failure of the existing form of organization. If there are any eight course meals to come from union funds, it would surely be better justified if some of the workers and their dependents above mentioned should have the good things that the rich plutocrats of Ocean Transport devour. But I forgot that it is the work of that union in question to bury its members when they are dead.

Forward! The Advance Guard!

Let us unite, fellow workers. Let us establish the New School of Unionism, Industrial Unionism, World Unionism. Let us remember that we have to rely upon ourselves, and to build for ourselves. We have not merely to conquer the ships in which we work but we have to run them as social floating machines engaged in supplying the economic wants of society.

Instead of waiting for coups d'etats, or for the bottom to fall out of capitalism, it is our duty to work for the day, and to realize what the Red navy at Kiel realized; that there can be no success unless there is a powerful, well-equipped organization in the field of industry. We learn by experience, and there is no field so fruitful in results, so encouraging to the enthusiast as the creation of the foundations of an Industrial Commonwealth. Therefore it is our duty and our joy to encourage action, to dissipate ignorance, and, by working within

the field of our experiance, and with the things and the men with which we have contact, to make steady progress towards our objective. The compilation of knowledge of our particular industry is imperative, for the time is coming when our future will depend upon what we know, the organization that we possess, its virility and its mobility.

On our side are social forces and numbers. We need but the Will to Power. The time is nearing when the merchant navies will pass into the control of the workers aboard them. A common flag will fly at the mast-head, it will be the insignia of the Universal and International Organization on a red banner. For, whatever may be the tint of our skins, in our vains surges the red blood of our class, and we do not envy the blue-blooded and titled confidence men their special variety.

Hail the sunrise of the Industrial Communards on the Ocean routes! Ye men of the Sea! Hail the Dawn of our growing Solidarity, which must strike the shackles from our limbs and make us as free as the laughing wind which whitens the wave-tips on the Pacific!

CHAPTER 12.

To Industrial Communism.

Some time ago, I was an interested spectator at a worker's conference in London. One of the speakers pleading in favour of participation in parliamentary action, suggested that when you understood the capitalist tiger trough your activity in, and knowledge of city councils and parliament, all you had to do was to push your arm down his throat, grab him by the tail, and then turn him inside out. Thus you had Socialism, which, he stated, was an inversion of Capitalism. It was so wonderfully simple that I wondered why it had not occured to anyone before.

Too much time has been spent in interpreting the Proletarian Revolution instead of creating it. In doing so we must not forget to take into consideration the different historical, economical and psychological conditions that prevail in different countries. Even on the sea, the place where all nations, all religions, all temperaments converge, there are problems. Marine Transport organization involves different tacties and technique to those of mining or agriculture. Allowances must be made for the different degrees of economic development represented by such countries as the United States, Great Britain, Brazil or South Africa. In elaborating the building of a revolutionary organization on the sea I will quote from an article

which appeared recently in One Big Union Monthly, (Industrial Workers of the World, 1001 West Madison Street, Chicago, U. S. A. $ 2.50 per year) by »Industrial Engineer«. He says:

»The majority of the labor organizations are not capable of operating industry. There are a few that are capable of operating it as well as the capitalists, but that is not sufficient. There are none that can operate and co-ordinate the present producing mechanism with the heeded accompaniment of a change of technique. A reply is often made to statement of this conditions, to wit; the workers will aquire the knowledge and the organization after they come into power. In Russia, where 92 % of the population are peasants, and where there is only a young industrial development, a dislocation of industry, while serious in itself, does bring starvation to a large percentage of the people. In the United States to attempt to acquire an operating knowledge of industry and of organization after the change, would be preparing for birth while the autopsy is already going on. The interdependence of industry with industry is such that the absence of a producing organization capable of directing and operating industry would bring about nothing short of chaos and dissolution«.

Transport and Revolution.

Even in the United States there is enough food grown to meet the elementary needs of the people during a revolutionary crisis, but in Great Britain, Belgium and France, and possibly in Norway, the results will be disastrous if

matters are allowed to drift in the haphazard fashion of today, where the outward forms of revolution are occupying more attention then the actual creation and erection of an edifice that has technical knowledge of not only the requirements of the people, but that can see that the intricate land transport system continues its work as well as the greater and more imperative oversea transport system upon which the previously mentioned countries almost entirely depend. When we contemplate the fact that Great Britain can barely feed herself for three months, and that, in a moment of crisis, it would by extremely likely under present forms of futile, purposeless unionism that the shipping would be tied up, and lay idle through lack of initiative, we can form some idea of the hunger and starvation that is likely to ensue. Russia in its worst hours will be a paradise compared with England under such conditions. The more pastoral a country, the less necessary is a technical industrial organization for sucessful revolution. In highly industrialized and spezialized countries, like the United States, Great Britain or Germany the political organization is of very minor importance indeed. And yet, in spite of all this, there is much obscurity where everything ought to be as clair as dalight.

Facts, Food and Success.

With such an organization of marine workers as I have described we are in the position to do something. Our men know what has to be done. They know that foodstuffs are vitally necessary, and further, they know where they are procurable. They know the men who load them in Buenos

Ayres, Melbourne or Odessa, for the long chain of organization of the transport industry runs into every corner of the earth. The technical branch of the organization knows that coal is necessary in Argentine, and iron rails in Chile. They know the surplus bushels of wheat in Odessa, and how many yards of cotton are necessary In Java. They know how many tons of ships are afloat, how they are situated and where they are bound. Such a matter cannot be accomplished by either formula or dogma. It is the direct and concrete knowledge of the facts that will count, and upon that will depend the success of the working class or a lapse into disorganized confusion. There is far more talent in the running ships, and knowing ships and using ships among the men aboard ships, than there is in all the ranks of all the theoreticians that ever coined a simple fact into a mass of indigestible language that would even puzzle Haeckel himself. In fact, I know ten men who could, by their knowledge of ports and marine transport, assume control of the world's marine tomorrow, and, to look at them you wouldn't believe that they had ever worn anything else but a dungaree suit in all their lives. In fact the industry is overflowing with good men, and a little initiative could alter the whole industry as much as we altered the port of Buenos Ayres in the month of May, 1919.

»Jobology«.

The philosophy of Industrial Unionism provides for the creation of unions that are actual with real connections. Being cosmopolitain in the widest sense, it far outweighs the purely

national parties in its influence. Like Capitalism it builds its cells from the bottom up, the production of commodities ceases (as under national and trade unionism) to be a number of isolated processes, and begins with the collective effort towards a common end. The organization stretches into the mines, the harvest fields, the forest, the printers shop, the wharf, the wireless room, the office and the street. It unifies the warring elements of our class, finds a common basis of understanding — which a political party cannot — and, with the threads of Solidarity creates a power before which the nightmare of capitalism, poverty, war, politics, and all the grimy, sordid class-owned world must fade away. Industrial unionism takes the class war, and the economics of Marx out of the class-room, vulgarises them, applies the lessons in the form of wages, shovels, food, clothing, horses, anvils, spanners, saws, hammers, hours of labor, machines, ships, cranes, whinches, compasses and litterature. It uses the language of the job, the terms of the job, the why of the job, and from then on, it has a hearing, it is understandable.

Twenty minutes on the job, in the language of the job is worth twenty meetings dealing with generalities. The workers in the mass are intuitively convinced of the failure of the system, and now they are anxious to obtain the knowledge of how to change it. No one imagines for a moment that the coming revolution is going to be a kid-glove affair, on the contrary, in countries like the United States, it will be extremely bloody. Constructive revolutionary unionism is a sound preparation for success. Without such forms of assertive and positive

organization, the whole will end in the triumph of the Mensheviki and the White Guards, Social Democrats and the Labor Parties, who will assume, as in Germany and Finnland, the position of being the defenders of the last ditch of the capitalist class. If proletarian blood has to be shed, let it be for Industrial Communism and not for the Kerenskys, the Eberts, the Gompers, the Appletons, the Thomases and their voting and financing machine, the Yellow scab International of Amsterdam. Therefore every minute given to studying industry, and acquiring knowledge thereof is preparatory work which will strenghten, maintain, and guarantee the Revolution, when the middle class has fallen before the onslaught of the Army of Labor. It is the duty of every seaman, of every dock worker to develop himself, to prepare himself, as it were, for the war after the war.

The Ship Committee.

Will be the unit of the organization. On large ships there will be delegates for each section of the men employed aboard. On small ships one delegate will be sufficient. At each port a report will be issued to the shore office by the representative of the Committee. This report will contain the names, grades and standing of the crew and the name, nationality, nature and condition of the ship. Grievances should be stated, so that action may be taken immediately before the ship is worked by the harbour workers. The Committee will see that, whenever literature is procurable, it is distributed among the crews. On long voyages it will be their duty to organize classes for educational purposes.

The Shore Council.

Shall consist of delegates from ships temporarily in any port conjointly with the shore delegates. They shall meet at least weekly to deal with general matters affecting their organization. In large ports arrangements must be made to fit in with language requirements. This Council means that all the ships in any port, regardless of their nationality, are always in direct tuch with each other. In times of industrial trouble, the Shore Council will exercise his influence in solidifying the ranks.

Port District Council.

Will be the point where the dockers and seamen's organizations converge. Delegates will be elected thereto from the ships and the docks. They shall engage themselves in the supervision of the port, and they should be empowered to bring about speedy action whenever neccessary. This Council should also feel itself responsible for the compilation of information on the shipping industry, imports and exports, and other matters of interest to the ports and of use in the future. As far as possible the harbour workers and the marine workers should use the same headquarters for the purpose of centralization and efficiency. In case of urgency it should be thus organized and constituted that a meeting could be held within twenty four hours.

Transport Workers District Council.

In ports, the Marine Workers would be represented on the Transport Workers District

Council. This Council would be made up of delegates from the shipworkers, the port workers, the catters, railwaymen, tramwaymen and other road transport workers. The whole district would come under the jurisdiction of the District Council, and would deal with the general needs of the zone. In the time of a crisis this Councils would become of vast importance.

Regional Council.

This Council would be equivalent to the National Union of Marine Transport Workers, but, for the sake of economy and efficiency, as well as a need for the abolition of such a thing as a national organization, its jurisdiction would not be determined by national frontiers. It shall be, as far as possible in the centre of a region and should conform rather to language requirements than to national needs. For that purpose, Copenhagen could be utilized for the whole of Scandinavia, Liverpool for Great Britain, Buenos Ayres for River Plate, Genoa for Mediterranean, Melbourne for Australasia, and so on. The The Regional Council would undertake the collection of all statistics in regard to its industry within its jurisdiction. It would undertake the equipping of organizers, and exercize a general supervision over all its area of propaganda. It would possess power to call strikes of regional importance, and would use its initiative to throw its organizing forces into districts where the movement is weak. It would maintain an educational staff, added to publishing matter of general interest to the men in the or-

ganization. It would undertake the distribution of literature from other language zones on the ships of the zone in question when they are in the ports of the former. It should be formed of delegates from various districts, and in its turn would apoint a permanet delegate to the General Headquarters, that would be selected for the militancy, and general knowledge of the world movement and its requirements. All information obtained by the Regional organization would be sent in copy to the General Headquarters, and the two bodies should work in hamony and cohesion.

The General Headquarters.

Should be situated in some large central world port, such as Antwerp, Genoa or Rotterdam. It should consist of one delegate from each region, and should be a Permanent Committee or Council with wide centralised powers. It would be an International Clearing House combining the business of fighting the every-day international class struggle with the work of preparing the ground for industrial management when capitalism has been destroyed. The General Council will undertake the work of stimulating the growth of the organization in backward regions, in order to make the organization powerful both in defence and offence. It will take action, swift and drastic, if any capitalist state or states attempt to precipitate war. It will use all its efforts to prevent the passage of war materials or munitions, or to carry bunker coal for warships engaged in the villainous business of war. It will declare, and carry into effect, blockades and boycotts of

any country that attempts to wage war against a communist country, and will use the same weapons upon any capitalist country or organization that uses the methods of the White Terror against the proletariat political or economic organizations.

The General Headquarters will issue bulletins in as many languages as may be thought sufficient. It will supervize the general propaganda and direct the policy of the Workers of the Sea. On questions of vital international importance during the struggle against capitalism, essential discipline will, if possible, be maintained. It will standardize the efforts of the workers, maintain communications, act as a centre for information, tabulate data etc. It shall also maintain a close contact with the Red International of Industrial Unions of which it should be a component part, as well as participating in the gereral work of the entire organization of transport. Its function shall be to instill into the marine workers that they must, as far as possible maintain ocean transport during revovolutionary periods, so that the people may not go hungry or lacking of essentials. It will be an agency for promoting class brotherhood for social combat and for ending the nightmare of exploitation and misery which today prevails in all countries except in Soviet Russia.

It will introduce the one card system' and arrange a system of support for its own existence upon a per capita basis. It will foster the idee of having one or more revolutionary industrialists on all ships and on all wharves. In times of expected war, it will assume the power to order the inspection of all suspicious

cargo, before it is shipped. It will maintain relations with the workers engaged in ship-building, so that the sea worker can be consulted upon the structure of accomodation etc.

And while time goes on
The work shall grow;
Whilst work is done
Our might will show,
And might and power we'll exercize
To build the workers Paradize.

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